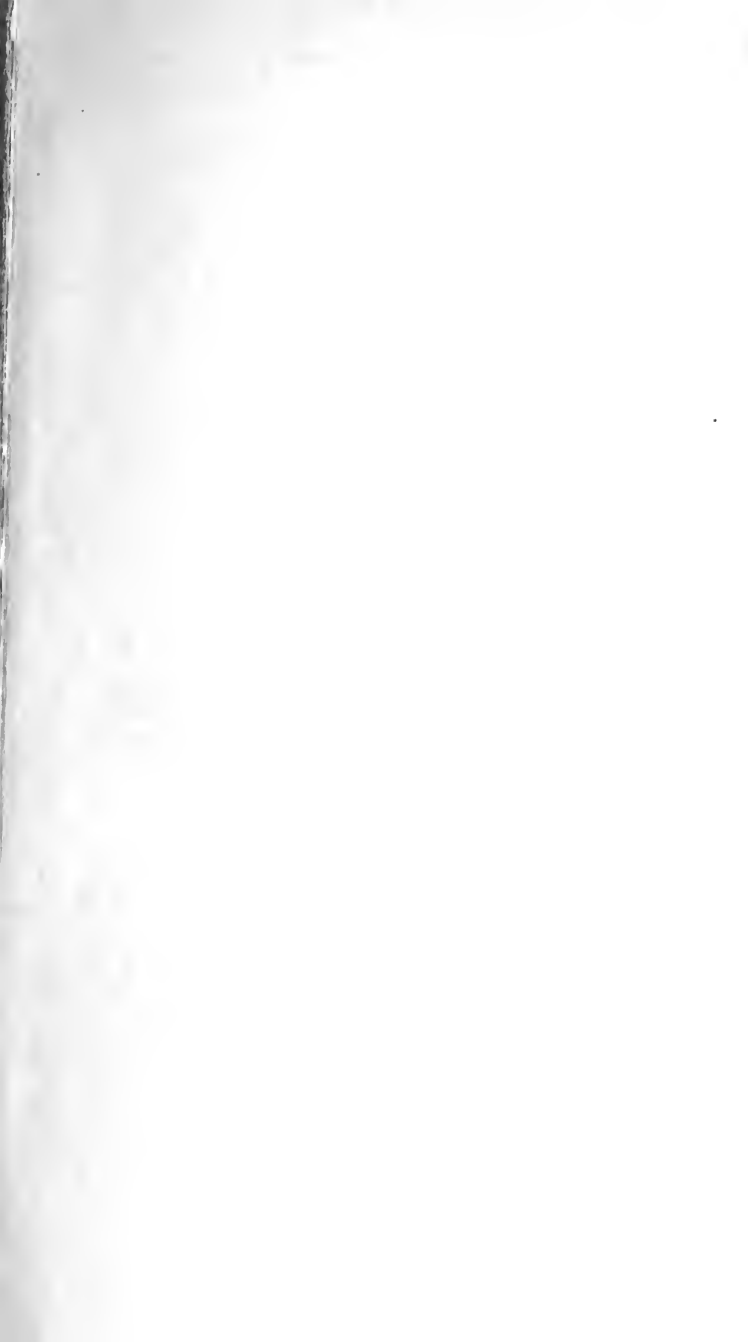


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JACOB FAITHFUL

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“PETER SIMPLE,” “THE KING’S OWN,” &c.

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JACOB FAITHFUL.

CHAPTER I.

My birth, parentage, and family pretensions—Unfortunately I prove to be a detrimental or younger son, which is remedied by a trifling accident—I hardly receive the first elements of science from my father, when the elements conspire against me, and I am left an orphan.

GENTLE reader, I was born upon the water—not upon the salt and angry ocean, but upon the fresh, and rapid-flowing river. It was in a floating sort of box, called a lighter, and upon the River Thames, at low water, that I first

smelt the mud. This lighter was manned (an expression amounting to bullism, if not construed *kind-ly*) by my father, my mother, and your humble servant. My father had the sole charge—he was monarch of the deck ; my mother of course was queen, and I was the heir apparent.

Before I say one word about myself, allow me dutifully to describe my parents. First, then, I will portray my queen mother. Report says, that when first she came on board of the lighter, a lighter figure and a lighter step never pressed a plank ; but as far as I can tax my recollection, she was always a fat, unwieldy woman. Locomotion was not to her taste—gin was. She seldom quitted the cabin—never quitted the lighter: a pair of shoes may have lasted her for five years, for the wear and tear that she took out of them. Being of this domestic habit, as all married women ought to be, she was always to be found when wanted ; but, although always at hand, she was not always on her feet. Towards the close of the day, she lay down upon her bed—a wise precaution

when a person can no longer stand. The fact was, that my honoured mother, although her virtue was unimpeachable, was frequently seduced by liquor ; and although constant to my father, was debauched and to be found in bed with that insidious assailer of female uprightness—*gin*. The lighter, which might have been compared to another garden of Eden, of which my mother was the Eve, and my father the Adam to consort with, was entered by this serpent who tempted her ; and if she did not eat, she drank, which was even worse. At first, indeed—and I mention it to prove how the enemy always gains admittance under a specious form—she drank it only to keep the cold out of her stomach, which the humid atmosphere from the surrounding water appeared to warrant. My father took his pipe for the same reason ; but at the time that I was born, he smoked and she drank, from morning to night, because habit had rendered it almost necessary to their existence. The pipe was always to his lips, the glass incessantly to her's. I would have defied any cold ever to have penetrated

into their stomachs;—but I have said enough of my mother for the present, I will now pass on to my father.

My father was a puffy, round-bellied, long-armed, little man, admirably calculated for his station in, or rather out of, society. He could manage a lighter, as well as any body; but he could do no more. He had been brought up to it from his infancy. He went on shore for my mother, and came on board again—the only remarkable event in his life. His whole amusement was his pipe; and, as there is a certain indefinable link between smoking and philosophy, my father, by dint of smoking, had become a perfect philosopher. It is no less strange than true, that we can puff away our cares with tobacco, when, without it, they remain an oppressive burthen to existence. There is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe. The savage warriors of North America enjoyed the blessing before we did; and to the pipe is to be ascribed the wisdom of their councils, and the laconic delivery of their sentiments. It would be well intro-

duced into our own legislative assembly. Ladies, indeed, would no longer peep down through the ventilator; but we should have more sense and fewer words. It is also to tobacco that is to be ascribed the stoical firmness of those American warriors, who, satisfied with the pipe in their mouths, submitted with perfect indifference to the torture of their enemies. From the well-known virtues of this weed arose that peculiar expression, when you irritate another, that you “put his pipe out.”

My father’s pipe, literally and metaphorically, was never put out. He had a few apothegms which brought every disaster to a happy conclusion; and, as he seldom or ever indulged in words, these sayings were deeply impressed upon my infant memory. One was, “*It’s no use crying; what’s done can’t be helped.*” When once these words escaped his lips, the subject was never renewed. Nothing appeared to move him: the adjurations of those employed in the other lighters, barges, vessels, and boats of every description, who were contending with us for the extra foot of water, as we drifted up

or down with the tide, affected him not, further than an extra column or two of smoke rising from the bowl of his pipe. To my mother, he used but one expression, "*Take it coolly*;" but it always had the contrary effect with my mother, as it put her more in a passion. It was like pouring oil upon flame; nevertheless, the advice was good, had it ever been followed. Another favourite expression of my father's, when any thing went wrong, and which was of the same pattern as the rest of his philosophy, was, "*Better luck next time.*" These aphorisms were deeply impressed upon my memory. I continually recalled them to mind, and thus I became a philosopher long before my wise teeth were in embryo, or I had even shed the first set with which kind Nature presents us, that in the petticoat age we may fearlessly indulge in lollipop.

My father's education had been neglected. He could neither write nor read; but although he did not exactly, like Cadmus, invent letters, he had accustomed himself to certain hieroglyphics, generally speaking sufficient for his

purposes, and which might be considered as an artificial memory. "I can't write nor read, Jacob," he would say, "I wish I could ; but look, boy, I means this mark for three-quarters of a bushel. Mind you recollects it when I axes you, or I'll be blowed if I don't wallop you." But it was only a case of peculiar difficulty which would require a new hieroglyphic, or extract such a long speech from my father. I was well acquainted with his usual scratches and dots, and having a good memory, could put him right when he was puzzled with some misshapen x or z , representing some unknown quantity, like the same letters in algebra.

I have said that I was heir apparent, but I did not say that I was the only child born to my father in his wedlock. My honoured mother had had two more children ; but the first, who was a girl, had been provided for by a fit of the measles ; and the second, my elder brother, by tumbling over the stern of the lighter when he was three years old. At the time of the accident, my mother had retired to her bed, a little the worse for liquor ; my father was on

deck forward, leaning against the windlass, soberly smoking his evening pipe. "What was that?" exclaimed my father, taking his pipe out of his mouth, and listening; "I shouldn't wonder if it wasn't Joe." And my father put in his pipe again, and smoked away as before.

My father was correct in his surmises. It was Joe—who had made the splash which roused him from his meditations, for the next morning Joe was nowhere to be found. He was, however, found some days afterwards; but, as the newspapers say, and as may well be imagined, the "vital spark was extinct;" and moreover, the eels and chubs had eaten off his nose and a portion of his chubby face, so that, as my father said, "he was of no use to nobody." The morning after the accident, my father was up early and had missed poor little Joe. He went into the cabin, smoked his pipe, and said nothing. As my brother did not appear as usual for his breakfast, my mother called out for him in a harsh voice; but Joe was out of hearing, and as mute as a fish. Joe opened not his mouth in reply, neither did my

father. My mother then quitted the cabin, and walked round the lighter, looked into the dog-kennel to ascertain if he was asleep with the great mastiff—but Joe was nowhere to be found.

“Why, what can have become of Joe?” cried my mother, with maternal alarm in her countenance, appealing to my father, as she hastened back to the cabin. My father spoke not, but taking his pipe out of his mouth, dropped the bowl of it in a perpendicular direction till it landed softly on the deck, then put it into his mouth again, and puffed mournfully. “Why, you don’t mean to say that he is overboard?” screamed my mother.

My father nodded his head, and puffed away at an accumulated rate. A torrent of tears, exclamations, and revilings, succeeded to this characteristic announcement. My father allowed my mother to exhaust herself. By the time that she had finished, so was his pipe; he then knocked out the ashes, and quietly observed, “It’s no use crying; what’s done can’t be helped,” and proceeded to refill the bowl.

“Can’t be helped!” cried my mother; “but it might have been helped.”

“Take it coolly,” replied my father.

“Take it coolly!” replied my mother in a rage—“take it coolly! Yes, you’re for taking every thing coolly: I presume, if I fell overboard, you would be taking it coolly.”

“You would be taking it coolly, at all events,” replied my imperturbable father.

“O dear! O dear!” cried my poor mother; “two poor children, and lost them both!”

“Better luck next time,” rejoined my father; “so, Sall, say no more about it.”

My father continued for some time to smoke his pipe, and my mother to pipe her eye, until at last my father, who was really a kind-hearted man, rose from the chest upon which he was seated, went to the cupboard, poured out a tea-cup full of *gin*, and handed it to my mother. It was kindly done of him, and my mother was to be won by kindness. It was a pure offering in the spirit, and taken in the spirit in which it was offered. After a few repetitions, which were rendered necessary from its potency being

diluted with her tears, grief and recollection were drowned together, and disappeared like two lovers who sink down entwined in each other's arms.

With this beautiful metaphor, I shall wind up the episode of my unfortunate brother Joe.

It was about a year after the loss of my brother, that I was ushered into the world without any other assistants or spectators than my father and Dame Nature, who I believe to be a very clever midwife, if not interfered with. My father, who had some faint ideas of Christianity, performed the baptismal rites, by crossing me on the forehead with the end of his pipe, and calling me Jacob: as for my mother being churched, she had never been but once to church in her life. In fact, my father and mother never quitted the lighter, unless when the latter was called out by the superintendent or proprietor, at the delivery or shipment of a cargo, or was once a month for a few minutes on shore to purchase necessities. I cannot recall much of my infancy: but I recollect that the lighter was often very brilliant with blue and red paint,

and that my mother used to point it out to me as "so pretty," to keep me quiet. I shall therefore pass it over, and commence at the age of five years, at which early period I was of some little use to my father. Indeed, I was almost as forward as some boys at ten. This may appear strange; but the fact is, that my ideas, although bounded, were concentrated. The lighter, its equipments, and its destination, were the microcosm of my infant imagination; and my ideas and thoughts being directed to so few objects, these objects were deeply impressed, and their value fully understood. Up to the time that I quitted the lighter, at eleven years old, the banks of the river were the boundaries of my speculations. I certainly comprehended something of the nature of trees and houses; but I do not think that I was aware that the former *grew*. From the time that I could recollect them on the banks of the river, they appeared to be exactly of the same size as they were when first I saw them, and I asked no questions. But by the time that I was ten years old, I knew the name of every reach of the river, and every

point—the depth of water, and the shallows, the drift of the current, and the ebb and flow of the tide itself. I was able to manage the lighter as it floated down with the tide; for what I lacked in strength, I made up with the dexterity arising from constant practice.

It was at the age of eleven years that a catastrophe took place which changed my prospects in life, and I must therefore say a little more about my father and mother, bringing up their history to that period. The propensity of my mother to ardent spirits had, as always is the case, greatly increased upon her, and her corpulence had increased in the same ratio. She was now a most unwieldy, bloated mountain of flesh, such a form as I have never since beheld, although, at the time, she did not appear to me to be disgusting, accustomed to witness imperceptibly her increase, and not seeing any other females except at a distance. For the last two years she had seldom quitted her bed—certainly she did not crawl out of the cabin more than five minutes during the week—indeed her obesity and habitual intoxication rendered her

incapable. My father went on shore for a quarter of an hour once a month, to purchase gin, tobacco, red herrings, and decayed ship biscuit—the latter was my principal fare, except when I could catch a fish over the sides, as we lay at anchor. I was therefore a great water drinker, not altogether from choice, but from the salt nature of my food, and because my mother had still sense enough left to discern that “Gin wasn’t good for little boys.” But a great change had taken place in my father. I was now left almost altogether in charge of the deck, my father seldom coming up except to assist me in shooting the bridges, or when it required more than my exertions to steer clear of the crowds of vessels which we encountered when between them. In fact, as I grew more capable, my father became more incapable, and passed most of his time in the cabin, assisting my mother in emptying the great stone bottle. The woman had prevailed upon the man, and now both were guilty in partaking of the forbidden fruit of the Juniper Tree. Such was the state of affairs in our little kingdom, when

the catastrophe occurred which I am now about to relate.

One fine summer's evening, we were floating up with the tide, deeply laden with coals, to be delivered at the proprietor's wharf, some distance above Putney Bridge; a strong breeze sprang up, and checked our progress, and we could not, as we expected, gain the wharf that night. We were about a mile and a half above the bridge when the tide turned against us, and we dropped our anchor. My father, who, expecting to arrive that evening, had very unwillingly remained sober, waited until the lighter had swung to the stream, and then saying to me, "Remember, Jacob, we must be at the wharf early to-morrow morning, so keep alive," he went into the cabin to indulge in his potations, leaving me in possession of the deck, and also of my supper, which I never ate below, the little cabin being so unpleasantly close. Indeed, I took all my meals *al fresco*, and unless the nights were intensely cold, slept on deck, in the capacious dog kennel abaft, which had once been tenanted by the large mastiff, but he had

been dead some years, was thrown overboard, and, in all probability, had been converted into Epping sausages, at 1s. per lb. Some time after his decease, I had taken possession of his apartment and had performed his duty. I had finished my supper, which I washed down with a considerable portion of Thames water, for I always drank more when above the bridges, having an idea that it tasted more pure and fresh. I had walked forward and looked at the cable to see if all was right, and then having nothing more to do, I laid down on the deck, and indulged in the profound speculations of a boy of eleven years old. I was watching the stars above me, which twinkled faintly, and appeared to me ever and anon to be extinguished and then relighted. I was wondering what they could be made of, and how they came there, when of a sudden I was interrupted in my reveries by a loud shriek, and perceived a strong smell of something burning. The shrieks were renewed again and again, and I had hardly time to get upon my legs when my father burst up from the cabin, rushed over the side of the

lighter, and disappeared under the water. I caught a glimpse of his features as he passed me, and observed fright and intoxication blended together. I ran to the side where he had disappeared, but could see nothing but a few eddying circles as the tide rushed quickly past. For a few seconds I remained staggered and stupefied at his sudden disappearance and evident death, but I was recalled to recollection by the smoke which encompassed me, and the shrieks of my mother, which were now fainter and fainter, and I hastened to her assistance.

A strong empyreumatic, thick smoke ascended from the hatchway of the cabin, and, as it had now fallen calm, it mounted straight up the air in a dense column. I attempted to go in, but so soon as I encountered the smoke, I found that it was impossible; it would have suffocated me in half a minute. I did what most children would have done in such a situation of excitement and distress—I sat down and cried bitterly. In about ten minutes I removed my hands, with which I had covered up my face, and looked at the cabin hatch. The smoke

had disappeared, and all was silent. I went to the hatchway, and although the smell was still overpowering, I found that I could bear it. I descended the little ladder of three steps, and called "Mother," but there was no answer. The lamp fixed against the after bulk-head, with a glass before it, was still alight, and I could see plainly to every corner of the cabin. Nothing was burning—not even the curtains to my mother's bed appeared to be singed. I was astonished—breathless with fear, with a trembling voice, I again called out "Mother." I remained more than a minute panting for breath, and then ventured to draw back the curtains of the bed—my mother was not there! but there appeared to be a black mass in the centre of the bed. I put my hand fearfully upon it—it was a sort of unctuous, pitchy cinder. I screamed with horror, my little senses reeled—I staggered from the cabin and fell down on the deck in a state amounting to almost insanity: it was followed by a sort of stupor, which lasted for many hours.

As the reader may be in some doubt as to

the occasion of my mother's death, I must inform him that she perished in that very peculiar and dreadful manner, which does sometimes, although rarely, occur, to those who indulge in an immoderate use of spirituous liquors. Cases of this kind do indeed present themselves but once in a century, but the occurrence of them is but too well authenticated. She perished from what is termed *spontaneous combustion*, an inflammation of the gasses generated from the spirits absorbed into the system. It is to be presumed that the flames issuing from my mother's body, completely frightened out of his senses my father, who had been drinking freely ; and thus did I lose both my parents, one by fire and the other by water, at one and the same time.

CHAPTER II.

I fulfil the last injunctions of my father, and I am embarked upon a new element—First bargain in my life very profitable, first parting with old friends very painful—First introduction into civilized life very unsatisfactory to all parties.

It was broad daylight when I awoke from my state of bodily and mental imbecility. For some time I could not recall to my mind all that had happened: the weight which pressed upon my feelings told me that it was something dreadful. At length, the cabin hatch, still open, caught my eye; I recalled all the horrors of the preceding evening, and recollected that I was left alone in the lighter. I got up and stood upon my feet in mute despair. I looked around me—the mist of the morning was hanging over

the river, and the objects on shore were with difficulty to be distinguished. I was chilled from lying all night in the heavy dew, and perhaps still more from previous and extraordinary excitement. Venture to go down into the cabin I dare not. I had an indescribable awe, a degree of horror at what I had seen, that made it impossible; still I was unsatisfied, and would have given worlds, if I had had them, to explain the mystery. I turned my eyes from the cabin hatch to the water, thought of my father, and then for more than half an hour watched the tide as it ran up, my mind in a state of vacancy. As the sun rose, the mist gradually cleared away; trees, houses, and green fields, other barges coming up with the tide, boats passing and repassing, the barking of dogs, the smoke issuing from the various chimneys, all broke upon me by degrees; and I was recalled to the sense that I was in a busy world, and had my own task to perform. The last words of my father—and his injunctions had ever been a law to me—were, “Mind, Jacob, we must be up at the wharf early to-morrow morning.” I pre-

pared to obey him. Purchase the anchor I could not ; I therefore slipped the cable, lashing a broken sweep to the end of it, as a buoy rope, and once more the lighter was at the mercy of the stream, guided by a boy of eleven years old. In about two hours I was within a hundred yards of the wharf, and well in-shore. I hailed for assistance, and two men who were on board of the lighters moored at the wharf, pushed off in a skiff to know what it was that I wanted. I told them that I was alone in the lighter, without anchor or a cable, and requested them to secure her. They came on board, and in a few minutes the lighter was safe alongside of the others. As soon as the lashings were passed, they interrogated me as to what had happened, but although the fulfilling of my father's last injunctions had borne up my spirits, now that they were obeyed, a re-action took place. I could not answer them ; I threw myself down on the deck in a paroxysm of grief, and cried as if my heart would break.

The men, who were astonished not only at my conduct, but at finding me alone in the

lighter, went on shore to the clerk, and stated the circumstances. He returned with them, and would have interrogated me, but my paroxysm was not yet over, and my replies, broken by my sobs, were unintelligible. The clerk and the two men went down into the cabin, returned hastily, and quitted the lighter. In about a quarter of an hour I was sent for, and conducted to the house of the proprietor—the first time in my life that I had ever put my foot on *terra firma*. I was led into the parlour, where I found the proprietor at breakfast with his wife and his daughter, a little girl nine years old. By this time I had recovered myself, and on being interrogated, told my story clearly and succinctly, while the big tears coursed each other down my dirty face.

“How strange and how horrible!” said the lady to her husband, “I cannot understand it even now.”

“Nor can I; but still it is true, from what Johnson the clerk has witnessed.”

In the mean time my eyes were directed to every part of the room, which appeared to my

ignorance as a Golconda of wealth and luxury. There were few things which I had seen before, but I had an innate idea that they were of value. The silver tea-pot, the hissing urn, the spoons, the pictures in their frames, every article of furniture, caught my wondering eye, and for a short time I had forgotten my father and my mother; but I was recalled from my musing speculations by the proprietor inquiring how far I had brought the lighter without assistance.

“Have you any friends, my poor boy?” inquired the lady.

“No.”

“What! no relations on shore?”

“I never was on shore before in my life.”

“Do you know that you are a destitute orphan?”

“What’s that?”

“That you have no father or mother,” said the little girl.

“Well,” replied I, in my father’s words, having no answer more appropriate, “it’s no use crying; what’s done can’t be helped.”

“ But what do you intend to do now ? ” inquired the proprietor, looking hard at me after my previous answer.

“ Don’t know, I’m sure. Take it coolly,” replied I, whimpering.

“ What a very odd child ! ” observed the lady. “ Is he aware of the extent of his misfortune ? ”

“ Better luck next time, missus,” replied I, wiping my eyes with the back of my hand.

“ What strange answers from a child who has shown so much feeling,” observed the proprietor to his wife. “ What is your name ? ”

“ Jacob Faithful.”

“ Can you write or read ? ”

“ No,” replied I, again using my father’s words. “ No, I can’t, I wish I could.”

“ Very well, my poor boy, we’ll see what’s to be done,” said the proprietor.

“ I know what’s to be done,” rejoined I, “ you must send a couple of hands to get the anchor and cable afore they cut the buoy adrift.”

“ You are right, my lad, that must be done immediately,” said the proprietor ; “ but now

you had better go down with Sarah into the kitchen; cook will take care of you. Sarah, my love, take him down to cook."

The little girl beckoned me to follow her. I was astonished at the length and variety of the *companion ladders*, for such I considered the stairs, and was at last landed below, when little Sarah, giving cook the injunction to take care of me, again tripped lightly up to her mother.

I found the signification of "take care of any one," very different on shore from what it was on the river, where taking care of you means getting out of your way, and giving you a wide berth; and I found the shore-reading much more agreeable. Cook did take care of me; she was a kind-hearted, fat woman, who melted at a tale of woe, although the fire made no impression on her. I not only beheld, but I devoured such things as never before entered into my mouth or my imagination. Grief had not taken away my appetite. I stopped occasionally to cry a little, wiped my eyes, and sat down again. It was more than two hours before I laid down my knife, and not until strong symptoms of suffo-

cation played round the regions of my trachea, did I cry out, "hold, enough." Somebody has made an epigram about the vast ideas which a miser's horse must have had of corn. I doubt, if such ideas were existent, whether they were at all equal to my astonishment at a leg of mutton. I had never seen such a piece of meat before, and wondered if it were fresh or otherwise. After such reflection I naturally felt inclined to sleep; in a few minutes I was snoring upon two chairs, cook having covered me up with her apron to keep away the flies. Thus was I fairly embarked upon an element new to me—my mother earth; and it may be just as well to examine now into the capital I possessed for my novel enterprise. In person I was well looking; I was well made, strong, and active. Of my habiliments the less said the better: I had a pair of trowsers with no seat to them, but this defect when I stood up was hid by my jacket, composed of an old waistcoat of my father's, which reached down as low as the morning frocks worn in those days. A shirt of coarse duck, and a fur cap, which was as rough

and ragged as if it had been the hide of a cat pulled to pieces by dogs, completed my attire. Shoes and stockings I had none ; these super-numerary appendages had never confined the action of my feet. My mental acquisitions were not much more valuable—they consisted of a tolerable knowledge of the depth of water, names of points and reaches, in the river Thames, all of which was not very available on dry land—of a few hieroglyphics of my father's, which, as the crier says, sometimes winding up his oration, were of “no use to nobody but the owner.” Add to the above, the three favourite maxims of my taciturn father, which were indelibly imprinted upon my memory, and you have the whole inventory of my stock in trade. These three maxims were, I may say, incorporated into my very system, so continually had they been quoted to me during my life ; and before I went to sleep that night, they were again conned over. “What's done, can't be helped,” consoled me for the mishaps of my life ; “Better luck next time,” made me look forward with hope ; and, “Take it coolly,” was

a subject of deep reflection, until I fell into a deep sleep, for I had sufficient penetration to observe, that my father had lost his life by not adhering to his own principles; and this perception only rendered my belief in the infallibility of these maxims to be even still more stedfast.

I have stated what was my father's legacy, and the reader will suppose that from the maternal side the acquisition was *nil*. Directly such was the case, but indirectly she proved a very good mother to me, and that was by the very extraordinary way in which she had quitted the world. Had she met with a common death, she would have been worth nothing. Burke himself would not have been able to dispose of her; but dying as she did, her ashes were the source of wealth. The bed, with her remains lying in the centre, even the curtains of the bed, were all brought on shore, and locked up in an outhouse. The coroner came down in a post-chaise and four, charged to the county; the jury was empannelled, my evidence was taken, surgeons and apothecaries attended from far and near to give their opinions, and after

much examination, much arguing, and much disagreement, the verdict was brought in that she died by the visitation of God." As this, in other phraseology, implies that "God only knows how she died," it was agreed to *nem. con.*, and gave universal satisfaction. But the extraordinary circumstance was spread every where, with all due amplifications, and thousands flocked to the wharfinger's yard to witness the effects of spontaneous combustion. The proprietor immediately perceived that he could avail himself of the public curiosity to my advantage. A plate, with some silver and gold, was placed at the foot of my poor mother's flock mattress, with, "For the benefit of the orphan," in capital text, placarded above it; and many were the shillings, half-crowns, and even larger sums, which were dropped into it by the spectators, who shuddered as they turned away from this awful specimen of the effects of habitual intoxication. For many days did the exhibition continue, during which time I was domiciled with the cook, who employed me in scouring her saucepans, and any other employment in which

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my slender services might be useful, little thinking at the time that my poor mother was holding her levee for my advantage. On the eleventh day the exhibition was closed, and I was summoned up stairs by the proprietor, whom I found in company with a little gentleman in black. This was a surgeon, who had offered a sum of money for my mother's remains, bed and curtains, in a lot. The proprietor was willing to get rid of them in so advantageous a manner, but did not conceive that he was justified in taking this step, although for my benefit, without first consulting me, as heir-at-law.

"Jacob," said he, "this gentleman offers 20*l.*, which is a great deal of money, for the ashes of your poor mother. Have you any objection to let him have them?"

"What do you want 'em for?" inquired I.

"I wish to keep them, and take great care of them," answered he.

"Well," replied I, after a little consideration, "if you'll take care of the old woman, you may have her,"—and the bargain was concluded. Singular that the first bar-

gain ever made in my life should be that of selling my own mother. The proceeds of the exhibition and sale amounted to 47*l.* odd, which the worthy proprietor of the lighter, after deducting for a suit of clothes, laid up for my use. Thus ends the history of my mother's remains, which proved more valuable to me than ever she did when living. In her career she somewhat reversed the case of Semele, who was first visited in a shower of gold, and eventually perished in the fiery embraces of the god; whereas my poor mother perished first by the same element, and the shower of gold descended to her only son. But this is easily explained. Semele was very lovely and did not drink gin—my mother was her complete antithesis.

When I was summoned to my master's presence to arrange the contract with the surgeon, I had taken off the waistcoat which I wore as a garment over all, that I might be more at my ease in chopping some wood for the cook, and the servant led me up at once, without giving me time to put it on. After I had given my

consent, I turned away to go down stairs again, when having, as I before observed, no seat to my trowsers, the solution of continuity was observed by a little spaniel, who jumped from the sofa, and arriving at a certain distance, stood at bay, and barked most furiously at the exposure. He had been bred up among respectable people, and had never seen such an exposé. Mr. Drummond, the proprietor, observed the defect pointed out by the dog, and forthwith I was ordered to be suited with a new suit, certainly not before they were required. In twenty-four hours I was thrust into a new garment, by a bandy-legged tailor, assisted by my friend the cook, and turn or twist whichever way I pleased, decency was never violated. A new suit of clothes is generally an object^{*} of ambition, and flatters the vanity of young and old; but with me it was far otherwise. Encumbered with my novel apparel, I experienced at once feelings of restraint and sorrow. My shoes hurt me, my worsted stockings irritated the skin, and as I had been accustomed to hereditarily succeed to my father's cast off skins, which were a world

too wide for my shanks, having but few ideas, it appeared to me as if I had swelled out to the size of the clothes which I had been unaccustomed to wear, not that they had been reduced to my dimensions. I fancied myself a man, but was very much embarrassed with my manhood. Every step that I took I felt as if I was checked back by strings. I could not swing my arms as I was wont to do, and tottered in my shoes like a rickety child. My old apparel had been consigned to the dust-hole by cook, and often during the day would I pass, casting a longing eye at it, wishing that I dare recover it, and exchange it for that which I wore. I knew the value of it, and like the magician in Aladdin's tale, would have offered new lamps for old ones, cheerfully submitting to ridicule, that I might have repossessed my treasure.

With the kitchen and its apparatus I was now quite at home; but at every other part of the house and furniture I was completely puzzled. Every thing appeared to me foreign, strange, and unnatural, and Prince Le Boo or any other savage, never stared or wondered

more than I did. Of most things I knew not the use, of many not even the names. I was literally a savage, but still a kind and docile one. The day after my new clothes had been put on, I was summoned into the parlour. Mr. Drummond and his wife surveyed me in my altered habiliments, and amused themselves at my awkwardness, at the same time that they admired my well-knit, compact, and straight figure, set off by a fit, in my opinion, much too strait. Their little daughter, Sarah, who often spoke to me, went up and whispered to her mother. "You must ask papa," was the reply. Another whisper, and a kiss, and Mr. Drummond told me that I should dine with them. In a few minutes I followed them into the dining-room, and for the first time I was seated to a repast which could boast of some of the supernumerary comforts of civilized life. There I sat, perched on a chair, with my feet swinging close to the carpet, glowing with heat from the compression of my clothes, and the novelty of my situation, and all that was around me. Mr. Drummond helped me to some scald-

ing soup, a silver spoon was put into my hand, which I twisted round and round, looking at my face reflected in miniature on its polish.

“Now, Jacob, you must eat the soup with the spoon,” said little Sarah, laughing; “we shall all be done. Be quick.”

“Take it coolly,” replied I, digging my spoon into the burning preparation, and tossing it into my mouth. It burst forth from my tortured throat in a diverging shower, accompanied with a howl of pain.

“The poor boy has scalded his mouth,” cried the lady, pouring out a tumbler of water.

“It’s no use crying,” replied I, blubbering with all my might, “what’s done can’t be helped.”

“Better that you had not been helped,” observed Mr. Drummond, wiping off his share of my liberal spargefication from his coat and waistcoat.

“The poor boy has been shamefully neglected,” observed the good-natured Mrs. Drummond. “Come, Jacob, sit down and try it again; it will not burn you now.”

“Better luck next time,” said I, shoving in a portion of it, with a great deal of tremulous hesitation, and spilling one half of it in its transit. It was now cool, but I did not get on very fast; I held my spoon awry, and soiled my clothes.

Mrs. Drummond interfered, and kindly showed me how to proceed; when Mr. Drummond said, “Let the boy eat it after his own fashion, my dear—only be quick, Jacob, for we are waiting.”

“Then I see no good losing so much of it, taking it in tale,” observed I, “when I can ship it all in bulk in a minute.” I laid down my spoon, and stooping my head, applied my mouth to the edge of the plate, and sucked the remainder down my throat without spilling a drop. I looked up for approbation, and was very much astounded to hear Mrs. Drummond quietly observe, “That is not the way to eat soup.”

I made so many blunders during the meal, that little Sarah was in a continued roar of laughter; and I felt so miserable, that I heartily wished myself again in my dog-kennel

on board of the lighter, gnawing biscuit in all the happiness of content, and dignity of simplicity. For the first time, I felt the pangs of humiliation. Ignorance is not always debasing. On board of the lighter I was sufficient for myself, my company, and my duties. I felt an elasticity of mind, a respect for myself, and a consciousness of power, as the immense mass was guided through the waters by my single arm. There, without being able to analyze my feelings, I was a spirit guiding a little world; and now at this table, and in company with rational and well-informed beings, I felt humiliated and degraded; my heart was overflowing with shame, and at one unusual loud laugh of the little Sarah, the heaped-up measure of my anguish overflowed, and I burst into a passion of tears. As I laid with my head upon the tablecloth, regardless of those decencies I had so much feared, and awake only to a deep sense of wounded pride, each sob coming from the very core of my heart, I felt a soft breathing warm upon my cheek, that caused me to look up timidly, and I beheld the

glowing and beautiful face of little Sarah, her eyes filled with tears, looking so softly and beseechingly at me, that I felt at once I was of some value, and panted to be of more.

“ I won’t laugh at you any more,” said she ;
“ so don’t cry, Jacob.”

“ No more I will,” replied I, cheering up. She remained standing by me, and I felt grateful. “ The first time I get a piece of wood,” whispered I, “ I’ll cut you out a barge.”

“ Oh, papa ! Jacob says he’ll cut me out a barge.”

“ That boy has a heart,” said Mr. Drummond to his wife.

“ But will it swim, Jacob ?” inquired the little girl.

“ Yes ; and if it’s *lopsided*, call me a lubber.”

“ What’s *lopsided*, and what’s a lubber ?” replied Sarah.

“ Why, don’t you know ?” cried I ; and I felt my confidence return, when I found that in this little instance I knew more than she did.

CHAPTER III.

I am sent to a charity shool, where the boys do not consider charity as a part of *their* education—The peculiarities of the master, and the magical effects of a blow, of the nose—A disquisition upon the letter A, from which I find all my previous learning thrown away.

BEFORE I quitted the room, Sarah and I were in deep converse at the window, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond employed likewise at the table. The result of the conversation between Sarah and me was the intimacy of children; that of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, that the sooner I was disposed of, the more it would be for my own advantage. Having some interest with the governors of a charity school near Brentford, Mr. Drummond lost no time in

procuring me admission; and before I had quite spoiled my new clothes, having worn them nearly three weeks, I was suited afresh in a formal attire—a long coat of pepper and salt, yellow leather-breeches tied at the knees, a worsted cap with a tuft on the top of it, stockings and shoes to match, and a large pewter plate upon my breast marked with No. 63, which, as I was the last entered boy, indicated the sum total of the school. It was with regret that I left the abode of the Drummonds, who did not think it advisable to wait for the completion of the barge, much to the annoyance of Miss Sarah and myself. I was conducted to the school by Mr. Drummond, and before we arrived met them all out walking. I was put in the ranks, received a little good advice from my worthy patron, who then walked away one way, while we walked another, looking like a regiment of yellow-thighed fieldfares straightened into human perpendiculars. Behold, then, the last scion of the Faithfuls, peppered, salted, and plated, that all the world might know that he was a charity-boy, and that

there was charity in this world. But if heroes, kings, great and grave men, must yield to destiny, lighter-boys cannot be expected to escape; and I was doomed to receive an education, board, lodging, raiment, &c. free, gratis, and for nothing.

Every society has its chief; and I was about to observe that every circle has its centre, which certainly would have been true enough, but the comparison is of no use to me, as our circle had two centres, or, to follow up the first idea, had two chiefs—the chief schoolmaster, and the chief domestic—the chief masculine and the chief feminine—the chief with the ferula and the chief with the brimstone and treacle—the master and the matron, each of whom had their appendages—the one in the usher, the other in the assistant housemaid. But of this quartette, the master was not only the most important, but the most worthy of description; and, as he will often appear in the pages of my narrative long after my education was complete, I shall be very particular in my description of Domine Dobiensis, as he delighted to be called, or

dreary Dobbs, as his dutiful scholars delighted to call him. As, in our school, it was necessary that we should be instructed in reading, writing, and ciphering, the governors had selected the Domine as the most fitting person that had offered for the employment, because he had, in the first place, written a work that nobody could understand upon the Greek particles; secondly, he had proved himself a great mathematician, having, it was said, squared the circle by algebraical false quantities, but would never show the operation for fear of losing the honour by treachery. He had also discovered as many errors in the demonstrations of Euclid, as ever did Joey Hume in army and navy estimates, and with as much benefit to the country at large. He was a man who breathed certainly in the present age, but the half of his life was spent in *antiquity*, or algebra. Once carried away by a problem or a Greek reminiscence, he passed away, as it were, from his present existence, and every thing was unheeded. His body remained, and breathed on his desk, but his soul was absent. This peculiarity was well-known

to the boys, who used to say, "Domine is in his dreams, and talks in his sleep."

Domine Dobiensis left reading and writing to the usher, contrary to the regulations of the school, putting the boys, if possible, into mathematics, Latin, and Greek. The usher was not over competent to teach the two first; the boys not over willing to learn the latter. The master was too clever, the usher too ignorant; hence the scholars profited little. The Domine was grave and irascible, but he possessed a fund of drollery and the kindest heart. His features could not laugh, but his trachea did. The chuckle rose no higher than the rings of the windpipe, and then it was vigorously thrust back again by the impulse of gravity into the region of his heart, and gladdened it with hidden mirth in its dark centre. The Domine loved a pun, whether it was let off in English, Greek, or Latin. The two last were made by nobody but himself, and not being understood, were of course relished by himself alone. But his love of a pun was a serious attachment: he loved it with a solemn affection—with him it was no laughing matter.

In person, Domine Dobiensis was above six feet, all bone and sinews. His face was long, and his lineaments large ; but his predominant feature was his nose, which, large as were the others, bore them down into insignificance. It was a prodigy—a ridicule ; but he consoled himself—Ovid was called Naso. It was not an aquiline nose, nor was it an aquiline nose reversed. It was not a nose snubbed at the extremity, gross, heavy, or carbuncled, or fluting. In all its magnitude of proportions, it was an intellectual nose. It was thin, horny, transparent, and sonorous. Its snuffle was consequential, and its sneeze oracular. The very sight of it was impressive ; its sound, when blown in school-hours, was ominous. But the scholars loved the nose for the warning which it gave : like the rattle of the dreaded snake, which announces its presence, so did the nose indicate to the scholars that they were to be on their guard. The Domine would attend to this world and its duties for an hour or two, and then forget his scholars and his school-room, while he took a journey into the world of Greek

or algebra. Then when he marked x , y , and z , in his calculations, the boys knew that he was safe, and their studies were neglected.

Reader, did you ever witness the magic effects of a drum in a small village, when the recruiting party, with many-coloured ribbons, rouse it up with the spirit-stirring tattoo? Matrons leave their domestic cares, and run to the cottage door; peeping over their shoulders, the maidens admire and fear. The shuffling clowns raise up their heads gradually, until they stand erect and proud; the slouch in the back is taken out, their heavy walk is changed to a firm, yet elastic tread; every muscle appears more braced, every nerve by degrees new strung; the blood circulates rapidly; pulses quicken, hearts throb, eyes brighten, and, as the martial sound pervades their rustic frames, the Cimons of the plough are converted, as if by magic, into incipient heroes for the field;—and all this is produced by beating the skin of the most gentle, most harmless animal of creation.

Not having at hand the simile synthetical we have resorted to the antithetical. The blow-

ing of the Domine's nose produced the very contrary effect. It was a signal that he had returned from his intellectual journey, and was once more in his school-room—that the master had finished with his x , y , z , and it was time for the scholars to mind their p 's and q 's. At this note of warning, like the minute roll among the troops, every one fell into his place; half-munched apples were thrust into the first pocket, pop-guns disappeared, battles were left to be decided elsewhere—books were opened, and eyes directed to them—forms that were fidgetting and twisting in all directions, now took one regimental inclined position over the desks—silence was restored, order resumed her reign, and Mr. Knapps, the usher, who always availed himself of these interregnums, as well as the scholars, by deserting to the matron's room, warned by the well-known sound, hastened to his desk of toil;—such were the astonishing effects of a blow from Domine Dobiensis' sonorous and peace-restoring nose.

“Jacob Faithful, draw near,” were the first words which struck upon my tympanum the

next morning, when I had taken my seat at the farther end of the school-room. I rose and threaded my way through two lines of boys, who put out their legs to trip me up, in my passage through their ranks, and surmounting all difficulties, found myself within three feet of the master's high desk, or pulpit, from which he looked down upon me like the Olympian Jupiter upon mortals, in ancient time.

“ Jacob Faithful, canst thou read ? ”

“ No, I can't,” replied I ; “ I wish I could.”

“ A well-disposed answer, Jacob ; thy wishes shall be gratified. Knowest thou thine alphabet ? ”

“ I don't know what that is.”

“ Then thou knowest it not. Mr. Knapps shall forthwith instruct thee. Thou shalt forthwith go to Mr. Knapps, who inculcateth the rudiments. *Levius Puer*, lighter-boy, thou hast a *crafty* look.” And then I heard a noise in his thorax that resembled the “ cluck cluck,” when my poor mother poured the gin out of the great stone bottle.

“ My little naviculator,” continued he, “ thou

art a weed washed on shore, one of Father 'Thames' cast-up wrecks. '*Fluviorum rex Eridanus.*' [Cluck, cluck.] To thy studies; be thyself—that is, be Faithful. Mr. Knapps, let the Cadmean art proceed forthwith." So saying, Domine Dobiensis thrust his large hand into his right coat pocket, in which he kept his snuff loose, and taking a large pinch, (the major part of which, the stock being low, was composed of hairs and cotton abrasions, which had collected in the corner of his pocket,) he called up the first class, while Mr. Knapps called me to my first lesson.

Mr. Knapps was a thin, hectic-looking young man, apparently nineteen or twenty years of age, very small in all his proportions, red ferret eyes, and, without the least sign of incipient manhood; but he was very savage nevertheless. Not being permitted to pummel the boys when the Domine was in the school-room, he played the tyrant most effectually when he was left commanding officer. The noise and hubbub certainly warranted his interference—the respect paid to him was positively *nil*. His practice was to select

the most glaring delinquent, and let fly his ruler at him, with immediate orders to bring it back. These orders were complied with for more than one reason ; in the first place, was the offender hit, he was glad that another should have his turn ; in the second, Mr. Knapps being a very bad shot, (never having drove a Kamschatsdale team of dogs,) he generally missed the one he aimed at, and hit some other, who, if he did not exactly deserve it at that moment, certainly did for previous, or would for subsequent, delinquencies. In the latter case, the ruler was brought back to him because there was no injury inflicted, although intended. However, be it as it may, the ruler was always returned to him, and thus did Mr. Knapps pelt the boys as if they were cocks on Shrove Tuesday, to the great risk of their heads and limbs. I have little further to say of Mr. Knapps, except that he wore a black shalloon loose coat ; on the left sleeve of which he wiped his pen, and upon the right, but too often, his ever snivelling nose.

“ What is that, boy ? ” said Mr. Knapps, pointing to the letter A.

I looked attentively, and recognizing, as I thought, one of my father's hieroglyphics, replied, "That's half a bushel;" and I was certainly warranted in my supposition.

"Half a bushel. You're more than half a fool. That's the letter A."

"No; it's half a bushel; father told me so."

"Then your father was as big a fool as yourself."

"Father knew what half a bushel was, and so do I: that's half a bushel."

"I tell you it's the letter A," cried Mr. Knapps, in a rage.

"It's half a bushel," replied I doggedly. I persisted in my assertion, and Mr. Knapps, who dared not punish me while the Domine was present, descended his throne of one step, and led me up to the master.

"I can do nothing with this boy, sir," said he, as red as fire, "he denies the first letter in the alphabet, and insists upon it that the letter A is not A, but half a bushel."

"Dost thou, in thine ignorance, pretend to

teach when thou comest here to learn, Jacob Faithful?"

"Father always told me that that thing there meant half a bushel."

"Thy father might, perhaps, have used that letter to signify the measure which thou speakest of, in the same way as I, in my mathematics, use divers letters for known and unknown quantities; but thou must forget that which thy father taught thee, and commence *de novo*. Dost thou understand?"

"No, I don't."

"Then, little Jacob, that represents the letter A, and whatever else Mr. Knapps may tell thee, thou wilt believe. Return, Jacob, and be docile."

CHAPTER IV.

Sleight of hand at the expense of my feet—Filling a man's pockets as great an offence as picking them, and punished accordingly—A turn out, a turn up, and a turn in—Early impressions removed, and redundancy of feeling corrected by a spell of the rattan.

I DID not quit Mr. Knapps until I had run through the alphabet, and then returned to my form, that I might con it over at my leisure, puzzling myself with the strange complexity of forms, of which the alphabet was composed. I felt heated and annoyed by the constraint of my shoes, always an object of aversion from the time I had put them on. I drew my foot out of one, then out of the other, and thought no more of them for some time. In the meanwhile the boys next me had passed them on with their

feet to the others, and thus were they shuffled along until they were right up to the master's desk. I missed them, and perceiving that there was mirth at my expense, I narrowly and quietly watched up and down, until I perceived one of the head boys of the school, who sat nearest to the Domine, catch up one of my shoes, and, the Domine being then in an absent fit, drop it into his coat pocket. A short time afterwards he got up, went to Mr. Knapps, put a question to him, and while it was being answered he dropped the other into the pocket of the usher, and tittering to the other boys returned to his seat. I said nothing, but when the hours of school were over, the Domine looked at his watch, blew his nose, which made the whole of the boys pop up their heads like the clansmen of Rhoderick Dhu, when summoned by his horn, folded up his large pocket handkerchief slowly and reverently, as if it were a banner, put it into his pocket, and uttered in a solemn tone, "*Tempus est ludendi.*" As this Latin phrase was used every day at the same hour, every boy in the school understood so much Latin. A rush from all the

desks ensued, and amidst shouting, yelling, and leaping, every soul disappeared except myself, who remained fixed to my form. The Domine rose from his pulpit and descended, the usher did the same, and both approached me on their way to their respective apartments.

“ Jacob Faithful, why still porest thou over thy book—didst thou not understand that the hours of recreation had arrived? Why risest thou not upon thy feet like the others?”

“ ’Cause I’ve got no shoes.”

“ And where are thy shoes, Jacob?”

“ One’s in your pocket,” replied I, “ and t’other’s in his’n.”

Each party placed their hands behind, and felt the truth of the assertion.

“ Expound, Jacob,” said the Domine, “ who hath done this?”

“ The big boy with the red hair, and a face picked all over with holes like the strainers in master’s kitchen,” replied I.

“ Mr. Knapps, it would be *infra dig.* on my part, and also on yours, to suffer this disrespect to pass unnoticed. Ring in the boys.”

The boys were rung in, and I was desired to point out the offender, which I immediately did, and who as stoutly denied the offence ; but he had abstracted my shoe-strings, and put them into his own shoes. I recognized them, and it was sufficient.

“ Barnaby Bracegirdle,” said the Domine, “ thou art convicted not only of disrespect towards me and Mr. Knapps, but further of the grievous sin of lying. Simon Swapps, let him be hoisted.”

He was hoisted ; his nether garments descended, and then the birch descended with all the vigour of the Domine’s muscular arm. Barnaby Bracegirdle showed every symptom of his disapproval of the measures taken ; but Simon Swapps held fast, and the Domine flogged fast. After a minute’s flagellation, Barnaby was let down, his yellow tights pulled up, and the boys dismissed. Barnaby’s face was red, but the antipodes were redder. The Domine departed, leaving us together, he adjusting his inexpressibles, I putting in my shoe-strings. By the time Barnaby had buttoned up and wiped his

eyes, I had succeeded in standing in my shoes. There we were, *tête-à-tête*.

“ Now, then,” said Barnaby, holding one fist to my face, while, with the other open hand he rubbed behind, “ come out in the play-ground, Mr. *Cinderella*, and see if I won’t drub you within an inch of your life.”

“ It’s no use crying,” said I soothingly; for I had not wished him to be flogged. “ What’s done can’t be helped. Did it hurt you much?”

This intended consolation was taken for sarcasm. Barnaby stormed.

“ Take it coolly,” observed I.

Barnaby waxed even more wrath.

“ Better luck next time,” continued I, trying to soothe him.

Barnaby was outrageous—he shook his fist and ran into the play-ground, daring me to follow him. His threats had no weight with me; not wishing to remain in-doors, I followed him in a minute or two, when I found him surrounded by the other boys, to whom he was in loud and vehement harangue.

“ Cinderella, where’s your glass slippers ?” cried the boys, as I made my appearance.

“ Come out, you water-rat,” cried Barnaby : “ you son of a cinder.”

“ Come out and fight him, or else you’re a coward,” exclaimed the whole host, from No. 1 to No. 62, inclusive.

“ He has had beating enough already, to my mind,” replied I ; “ but he’d better not touch me—I can use my arms.”

A ring was formed, in the centre of which I found Barnaby and myself. He took off his clothes, and I did the same. He was much older and stronger than I, and knew something about fighting. One boy came forward as my second. Barnaby advanced and held out his hand, which I shook heartily, thinking it was all over ; but immediately received a right and left on the face, which sent me reeling backwards. This was a complete mystery, but it raised my bile, and I returned it with interest. I was very strong in my arms, as may be supposed ; and I threw them about like sails of a windmill, never hitting straight out, but with semi-circular

blows, which descended on or about his ears. On the contrary, his blows were all received straight-forward, and my nose and face were soon covered with blood. As I warmed with pain and rage, I flung about my arms at random, and Barnaby gave me a knock-down blow. I was picked up, and sat upon my second's knee, who whispered to me, as I spit the blood out of my mouth, "Take it coolly, and make sure when you hit."

My own—my father's maxim—coming from another, it struck with double force, and I never forgot it during the remainder of the fight. Again we were standing up face to face; again I received it right and left, and returned it upon his right and left ear. Barnaby rushed in—I was down again.

"Better luck next time," said I to my second, as cool as a cucumber.

A third and a fourth round succeeded, all apparently in Barnaby's favour, but really in mine. My face was beat to a mummy, but he was what is termed *groggy*, from the constant return of blows on the sides of

the head. Again we stood up, panting and exhausted. Barnaby rushed at me, and I avoided him: before he could return to the attack, I had again planted two severe blows upon his ears, and he reeled. He shook his head, and, with his fists in the attitude of defence, asked me whether I had had enough.

“*He* has,” said my second; “stick to him now, Jacob, and you’ll beat him.”

I did stick to him; three or four more blows applied to the same part, finished him, and he fell senseless on the ground.

“You’ve settled him,” cried my second.

“What’s done can’t be helped,” replied I.
“Is he dead?”

“What’s all this?” cried Mr. Knapps, pressing his way through the crowd, followed by the matron.

“Barnaby and Cinderella having it out, sir,” said one of the elder boys.

The matron, who had already taken a liking for me because I was good looking, and because I had been recommended to her care by Mrs. Drummond, ran to me.

“ Well,” says she, “ if the Domine don’t punish that big brute for this, I’ll see whether I’m any body or not ;” and taking me by the hand, she led me away. In the mean time Mr. Knapps surveyed Barnaby, who was still senseless, and desired the other boys to bring him in, and lay him on his bed. He breathed hard, but still remained senseless, and a surgeon was sent for, who found it necessary to bleed him copiously. He then, at the request of the matron, came to me ; my features were undistinguishable, but elsewhere I was all right. As I stripped he examined my arms.

“ It seemed strange,” observed he, “ that the bigger boy should be so severely punished ; but this boy’s arms are like little *sledge-hammers*. I recommend you,” said he to the other boys, “ not to fight with him, for some day or another he’ll kill one of you.”

This piece of advice was not forgotten by the other boys, and from that day I was the cock of the school. The name of Cinderella, given me by Barnaby, in ridicule of my mother’s death, was immediately abandoned, and I suf-

ferred no more persecution. It was the custom of the Domine, whenever two boys fought, to flog them both ; but in this instance it was not followed up, because I was not the aggressor, and my adversary narrowly escaped with his life. I was under the matron's care for a week, and Barnaby under the surgeon's hands for about the same time.

Neither was I less successful in my studies. I learnt rapidly after I had conquered the first rudiments ; but I had another difficulty to conquer, which was my habit of construing every thing according to my confined ideas ; the force of association had become so strong that I could not overcome it for a considerable length of time. Mr. Knapps continually complained of my being obstinate, when, in fact, I was anxious to please as well as to learn. For instance, in spelling, the first syllable always produced the association with something connected with my former way of life. I recollect the Domine once, and only once, gave me a caning, about a fortnight after I went to the school.

I had been brought up by Mr. Knapps as contumelious.

“ Jacob Faithful, how is this? thine head is good, yet wilt thou refuse learning. Tell me now, what does *c-â-t* spell.”

It was the pitch-pipe to *cat-head*, and I answered accordingly.

“ Nay, Jacob, it spells *cat*; take care of thy head on thy next reply. Understand me, head is not understood. Jacob, thy head is in jeopardy. Now, Jacob what does *m-a-t* spell?”

“ *Chafing-mat*,” replied I.

“ It spells mat only, silly boy; the chafing will be on my part directly. Now, Jacob, what does *d-o-g* spell?”

“ Dog-kennel.”

“ Dog, Jacob, without the kennel. Thou art very contumelious, and deserveest to be rolled in the kennel. Now, Jacob, this is the last time that thou triflest with me, what does *h-a-t* spell?”

“ Fur-cap,” replied I, after some hesitation.

“ Jacob, I feel the wrath rising within me,

yet would I fain spare thee ; if *h-a-t* spell fur-cap, pray advise me, what doth *c-a-p* spell then !”

“ *Capstern.*”

“ Indeed, Jacob, thy stern, as well as thy head, are in danger, and I suppose then *w-i-n-d* spells windlass, does it not ?”

“ Yes, sir,” replied I, pleased to find that he agreed with me.

“ Upon the same principle, what does *r-a-t* spell ?”

“ *Rat*, sir,” replied I.

“ Nay, Jacob, *r-a-t* must spell *rattan*, and as thou hast missed thine own mode of spelling, thou shalt not miss the cane.” The Domine then applied it to my shoulders with considerable unction, much to the delight of Mr. Knapps, who thought the punishment was much too small for the offence. But I soon extricated myself from these associations, as my ideas extended, and was considered by the Domine as the cleverest boy in the school. Whether it were from natural intellect, or from my brain having laid fallow, as it were, for so many

years, or probably from the two causes combined, I certainly learnt almost by instinct. I read my lesson once over, and threw my book aside, for I knew it all. I had not been six months at the school, before I discovered that, in a thousand instances, the affection of a father appeared towards me under the rough crust of the Domine. I think it was on the third day of the seventh month, that I afforded him a day of triumph and warming of his heart, when he took me for the first time into his little study, and put the Latin Accidence into my hands. I learnt my first lesson in a quarter of an hour; and I remember well how that unsmiling, grave man, looked into my smiling eyes, parting the chesnut curls, which the matron would not cut off, from my brows, and saying, *Bene fecisti, Jacobe*. Many times afterwards, when the lesson was over, he would fix his eyes upon me, fall back on his chair, and make me recount all I could remember of my former life, which was really nothing but a record of perceptions and feelings. He *could* attend to *me*, and as I related some early and

singular impression, some conjecture of what I saw yet could not comprehend, on the shore which I had never touched, he would rub his hands with enthusiasm, and exclaim, “I have found a new book—an album, whereon I may write the deeds of heroes and the words of sages. *Carissime Jacobes!* how happy shall we be when we get into Virgil!” I hardly need say that I loved him—I did so from my heart, and learnt with avidity to please him. I felt that I was of consequence—my confidence in myself was unbounded. I walked proudly, yet I was not vain. My school-fellows hated me, but they feared me as much for my own prowess as for my interest with the master; but still many were the bitter gibes and inuendoes which I was obliged to hear as I sat down with them to our meals. At other times I held communion with the Domine, the worthy old matron, and my books. We walked out every day, at first attended by Mr. Knapps the usher. The boys would not walk with me without they were ordered, and if ordered, most unwillingly. Yet I had given no cause of offence.

The matron found it out, told the Domine, and ever after that, the Domine attended the boys, and led me by the hand.

This was of the greatest advantage to me, as he answered all my questions, which were not few, and each day I advanced in every variety of knowledge. Before I had been eighteen months at school, the Domine was unhappy without my company, and I was equally anxious for his presence. He was a father to me, and I loved him as a son should love a father, and, as it will hereafter prove, he was my guide through life.

But although the victory over Barnaby Bracegirdle, and the idea of my prowess, procured me an enforced respect, still the Domine's good-will towards me was the occasion of a settled hostility. Affront me, or attack me openly, they dare not; but supported as the boys were by Mr. Knapps, the usher, who was equally jealous of my favour, and equally mean in spirit, they caballed to ruin me, if possible, in the good opinion of my master. Barnaby Bracegirdle had a talent for caricature, which

was well known to all but the Domine. His first attempt against me was a caricature of my mother's death, in which she was represented as a lamp supplied from a gin-bottle, and giving flame out of her mouth. This was told to me, but I did not see it. It was given by Barnaby to Mr. Knapps, who highly commended it, and put it into his desk. After which, Barnaby made an oft-repeated caricature of the Domine with a vast nose, which he showed to the usher as *my* performance. The usher understood what Barnaby was at, and put it into his desk without comment. Several other ludicrous caricatures were made of the Domine, and of the matron, all of which were consigned to Mr. Knapps by the boys, as being the production of my pencil; but this was not sufficient—it was necessary I should be more clearly identified. It so happened, that one evening, when sitting with the Domine at my Latin, the matron and Mr. Knapps being in the adjoining room, the light, which had burnt close down, fell in the socket and went out. The Domine rose to get another; the matron also got up to fetch away

the candlestick with the same intent. They met in the dark, and ran their heads together pretty hard. As this event was only known to Mr. Knapps and myself, he communicated it to Barnaby, wondering whether I should not make it a subject of one of my caricatures. Barnaby took the hint; in the course of a few hours, this caricature was added to the others. Mr. Knapps, to further his views, took an opportunity to mention with encomium my talent for drawing, adding that he had seen several of my performances. "The boy hath talent," replied the Domine; "he is a rich mine, from which much precious metal is to be obtained."

"I hear that thou hast the talent of drawing, Jacob," said he to me, a day or two afterwards.

"I never had in my life, sir," replied I.

"Nay, Jacob; I like modesty, but modesty should never lead to a denial of the truth. Remember, Jacob, that thou do not repeat the fault."

I made no answer, as I felt convinced that I was not in fault; but that evening I requested the Domine to lend me a pencil, as I wished to

try and draw. For some days, various scraps of my performance were produced, and received commendation. "The boy draweth well," observed the Domine to Mr. Knapps, as he examined my performance through his spectacles.

"Why should he have denied his being able to draw?" observed the usher.

"It was a fault arising from modesty or want of confidence—even a virtue, carried to excess, may lead us into error."

The next attempt of Barnaby was to obtain the Cornelius Nepos, which I then studied. This was effected by Mr. Knapps, who took it out of the Domine's study, and put it into Barnaby's possession, who drew on the fly-leaf, on which was my name, a caricature head of the Domine; and under my own name, which I had written on the leaf, added, in my hand, *fecit*, so that it appeared, Jacob Faithful *fecit*. Having done this, the leaf was torn out of the book, and consigned to the usher with the rest. The plot was now ripe; and the explosion soon ensued. Mr. Knapps told the Domine that I drew caricatures of my school-fellows. The

Domine taxed me, and I denied it. "So you denied drawing," observed the usher.

A few days passed away, when Mr. Knapps informed the Domine that I had been caricaturing him and Mrs. Bately, the matron, and that he had proofs of it. I had then gone to bed; the Domine was much surprised, and thought it impossible that I could be so ungrateful. Mr. Knapps said that he should make the charge openly, and prove it the next morning in the school-room; and wound up the wrong by describing me, in several points, as a cunning, good-for-nothing, although clever boy.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Knapps thinks to catch me napping, but the plot is discovered, and Barnaby Bracegirdle is obliged to loosen his braces for the second time on my account—Drawing caricatures ends in drawing blood—The usher is ushered out of the school, and I am very nearly ushered into the next world, but instead of being bound on so long a journey, I am bound “prentice to a waterman.”

IGNORANT of what had passed, I slept soundly; and the next morning found the matron very grave with me, which I could not comprehend. The Domine also took no notice of my morning salute: but supposing him to be rapt in Euclid at the time, I thought little of it. The breakfast passed over, and the bell rang for school. We were all assembled; the Domine walked in with a very magisterial air, followed by Mr.

Knapps, who, instead of parting company when he arrived at his own desk, continued his course with the Domine to his pulpit. We all knew that there was something in the wind; but of all, perhaps, I was the least alarmed. The Domine unfolded his large handkerchief, waved it, and blew his nose and the school into profound silence. "Jacob Faithful, draw near," said he, in a tone which proved that the affair was serious. I drew near, wondering. "Thou hast been accused by Mr. Knapps of caricaturing, and holding up to the ridicule of the school, me—thy master. Upon any other boy, such disrespect should be visited severely; but from thee, Jacob, I must add, in the words of Cæsar, '*et tu, Brute.*' I expected, I had a right to expect, otherwise. *Omnia vitia ingratitudo in se complectitur.* Thou understandest me, Jacob—guilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, sir," replied I, firmly.

"He pleadeth not guilty, Mr. Knapps: proceed, then, to prove thy charge."

Mr. Knapps then went to his desk, and brought out the drawings with which he had

been supplied by Barnaby Bracegirdle and the other boys. "These drawings, sir, which you will please to look over, have been all given up to me as the performance of Jacob Faithful. At first, I could not believe it to be true; but you will perceive at once, that they are all by the same hand."

"That I acknowledge," said the Domine; "and all reflect upon my nose. It is true that my nose is of large dimensions, but it was the will of Heaven that I should be so endowed; yet are the noses of these figures even larger than mine own could warrant, if the limner were correct, and not malicious. Still have they merit," continued the Domine, looking at some of them; and I heard a gentle *cluck, cluck*, in his throat, as he laughed at his own *mis-representations*. "*Artes adumbratæ meruit ceu sedula laudem*, as Prudentius hath it. I have no time to finish the quotation."

"Here is one drawing, sir," continued Mr. Knapps, "which proves to me that Jacob Faithful is the party; in which you and Mrs. Bately are shown up to ridicule. Who would have

been aware that the candle went out in your study, except Jacob Faithful?"

"I perceive," replied the Domine, looking at it through his spectacles, when put into his hand. "The arcana of the study have been violated."

"But, sir," continued Mr. Knapps, "here is a more convincing proof. You observe this caricature of yourself, with his own name put to it—his own hand-writing. I recognized it immediately; and happening to turn over his Cornelius Nepos, observed the first blank leaf torn out. Here it is, sir; and you will observe that it fits on to the remainder of the leaf in the book exactly."

"I perceive that it doth; and am grieved to find that such is the case. Jacob Faithful, thou art convicted of disrespect and of falsehood. Where is Simon Swapps?"

"If you please, sir, may not I defend myself?" replied I. "Am I to be flogged unheard?"

"Nay, that were an injustice," replied the Do-

mine, "but what defence canst thou offer?
Oh puer infelix et sceleratus!"

"May I look at those caricatures, sir?"
said I.

The Domine handed them to me in silence. I looked them all over, and immediately knew them to be drawn by Barnaby Bracegirdle. The last particularly struck me. I had felt confounded and frightened with the strong evidence brought against me; but this re-assured me, and I spoke boldly. "These drawings are by Barnaby Bracegirdle, sir, and not by me. I never drew a caricature in my life."

"So didst thou assert that thou couldst not draw, and afterwards proved by thy pencil to the contrary, Jacob Faithful."

"I knew not that I was able to draw when I said so; but I wished to draw when you supposed I was able—I did not like that you should give me credit for what I could not do. It was to please you, sir, that I asked for the pencil."

"I wish it were as thou statest, Jacob—I wish from my inmost soul that thou wert not guilty."

“Will you ask Mr. Knapps from whom he had these drawings, and at what time? There are a great many of them.”

“Answer, Mr. Knapps, to the question of Jacob Faithful.”

“They have been given to me by the boys at different times during this last month.”

“Well, Mr. Knapps, point out the boys who gave them.”

Mr. Knapps called out eight or ten boys, who came forward.

“Did Barnaby Bracegirdle give you none of them, Mr. Knapps?” said I, perceiving that Barnaby was not summoned.

“No,” replied Mr. Knapps.

“If you please, sir,” said I, to the Domine, “with respect to the leaf out of my *Nepos*, the Jacob Faithful was written on it by me, on the day that you gave it to me; but the *fecit*, and the caricature of yourself is not mine. How it came there I don’t know.”

“Thou hast disproved nothing, Jacob,” replied the Domine.

“But I have proved something, sir. On

what day was it that I asked you for the pencil to draw with ? Was it not on a Saturday ?”

“ Last Saturday week, I think it was.”

“ Well, then, sir, Mr. Knapps told you the day before, that I could draw ?”

“ He did ; and thou deniedst it.”

“ How, then, does Mr. Knapps account for not producing the caricatures of mine, which he says that he has collected for a whole month ? Why didn’t he give them to you before ?”

“ Thou puttest it shrewdly,” replied the Domine. “ Answer, Mr. Knapps, why didst thou, for a fortnight at the least, conceal thy knowledge of his offence ?”

“ I wished to have more proofs,” replied the usher.

“ Thou hearest, Jacob Faithful.”

“ Pray, sir, did you ever hear me speak of my poor mother but with kindness ?”

“ Never, Jacob ; thou hast ever appeared dutiful.”

“ Please, sir, to call up John Williams.”

“ John Williams, No. 37, draw near.”

“ Williams,” said I, “ did you not tell me

that Barnaby Bracegirdle had drawn my mother flaming at the mouth?"

"Yes, I did."

My indignation now found vent in a torrent of tears. "Now, sir," cried I, "if you believe that I drew the caricatures of you and Mrs. Bately—did I draw this, which is by the same person?" And I handed up to the Domine the caricature of my mother, which Mr. Knapps had inadvertently produced at the bottom of the rest. Mr. Knapps turned white as a sheet. The Domine looked at the caricature, and was silent for some time. At last he turned to the usher,

"From whom didst thou obtain this, Mr. Knapps?"

Mr. Knapps replied, in his confusion, "From Barnaby Bracegirdle."

"It was but this moment, thou didst state that thou hadst received none from Barnaby Bracegirdle. Thou hast contradicted thyself, Mr. Knapps. Jacob did not draw his mother; and the pencil is the same as that which drew the rest—*ergo*, he did not, I really believe, draw one of them. *Ite procul fraudes*. God,

I thank thee, that the innocent have been protected. Narrowly hast thou escaped these toils, O Jacob—*Cum populo et duce fraudulento*. And now for punishment. Barnaby Bracegirdle, thou gavest this caricature to Mr. Knapps; from whence hadst thou it? Lie not.”

Barnaby turned red and white, and then acknowledged that the drawing was his own.

“You boys,” cried the Domine, waving his rod, which he had seized, “you who gave these drawings to Mr. Knapps, tell me from whom they came.”

The boys, frightened at the Domine’s looks, immediately replied in a breath, “From Barnaby Bracegirdle.”

“Then, Barnaby Bracegirdle, from whom didst thou receive them?” inquired the Domine. Barnaby was dumb-founded. “Tell the truth; didst not thou draw them thyself, since thou didst not receive them from other people?”

Barnaby fell upon his knees, and related the whole circumstances, particularly the way in

which the Cornelius Nepos had been obtained, through the medium of Mr. Knapps. The indignation of the Domine was now beyond all bounds. I never had seen him so moved before. He appeared to rise at least a foot more in stature: his eyes sparkled, his great nose turned red, his nostrils dilated, and his mouth was more than half open, to give vent to the ponderous breathing from his chest. His whole appearance was withering to the culprits.

“For thee, thou base, degraded, empty-headed, and venomous little abortion of a man, I have no words to signify my contempt. By the governors of this charity I leave thy conduct to be judged; but until they meet, thou shalt not pollute and contaminate the air of this school by thy presence. If thou hast one spark of good feeling in thy petty frame, beg pardon of this poor boy, whom thou wouldst have ruined by thy treachery. If not, hasten to depart, lest in my wrath I apply to the teacher the punishment intended for the scholar, but of which thou art more deserving than even Barnaby Bracegirdle.”

Mr. Knapps said nothing, hastened out of the school, and that evening quitted his domicile. When the governors met he was expelled with ignominy. “Simon Swapps, hoist up Barnaby Bracegirdle.” Most strenuously and most indefatigably was the birch applied to Barnaby, a second time through me. Barnaby howled and kicked, howled and kicked, and kicked again. At last the Domine was tired. “*Consonat omne nemus strepitu*, (for *nemus* read school-room,)” exclaimed the Domine, laying down the rod, and pulling out his handkerchief to wipe his face. “*Calcitrat, ardescunt germani cæde bimembres*, that last quotation is happy,” [cluck, cluck.] He then blew his nose, addressed the boys in a long oration—paid me a handsome compliment upon my able defence—proved to all those who chose to listen to him, that innocence would always confound guilt—intimated to Barnaby that he must leave the school, and then finding himself worn out with exhaustion, gave the boys a holiday, that they might reflect upon what had passed, and which they duly profited by, in playing at mar-

bles, and peg in the ring. He then dismissed the school, took me by the hand, and led me into his study, where he gave vent to his strong and affectionate feelings towards me, until the matron came to tell us that dinner was ready.

After this, every thing went on well. The Domine's kindness and attention were unremitting, and no one ever thought of caballing against me. My progress became most rapid; I had conquered Virgil, taken Tacitus by storm, and was reading the odes of Horace. I had passed triumphantly through decimals, and was busily employed in mensuration of solids, when one evening I was seized with a giddiness in my head. I complained to the matron; she felt my hands, pronounced me feverish, and ordered me to bed. I passed a restless night; the next morning I attempted to rise, but a heavy burning ball rolled as it were in my head, and I fell back on my pillow. The matron came, was alarmed at my state, and sent for the surgeon, who pronounced that I had caught the typhus fever, then raging through the vicinity. This was the first time in my life

that I had known a day's sickness—it was a lesson I had yet to learn. The surgeon bled me, and giving directions to the matron, promised to call again. In a few hours I was quite delirious—my senses ran wild. One moment I thought I was with little Sarah Drummond, walking in green fields, holding her by the hand. I turned round, and she was no longer there, but I was in the lighter, and my hand grasped the cinders of my mother; my father stood before me, again jumped overboard and disappeared; again the dark black column ascended from the cabin, and I was prostrate on the deck. Then I was once more alone on the placid and noble Thames, the moon shining bright, and the sweep in my hand, tiding up the reach, and admiring the foliage, which hung in dark shadows over the banks. I saw the slopes of green, so pure and so fresh by that sweet light, and in the distance counted the numerous spires of the great monster city, and beheld the various bridges spanning over the water. The faint ripple of the tide was harmony, the reflection of the moon, beauty; I felt happiness in

my heart ; I was no longer the charity-boy, but the pilot of the barge. Then, as I would survey the scene, there was something that invariably presented itself between my eyes and the object of my scrutiny ; whichever way I looked it stood in my way, and I could not remove it. It was like a cloud, yet transparent, and with a certain undefined shape. I tried for some time, but in vain, to decypher it, but could not. At last it appeared to cohere into a form—it was the Domine's great nose, magnified into that of the Scripture, "as the tower which looketh towards Damascus." My temples throbbed with agony—I burned all over. I had no exact notions of death in bed, except that of my poor mother, and I thought that I was to die like her ; the horrible fear seized me that all this burning was but prefatory to bursting out into flame and consuming to ashes. The dread hung about my young heart and turned that to ice, while the rest of my body was on fire. This was my last recollection, and then all was blank. For many days I lay unconscious of either pain or existence, when I awoke from my stupor, my

wandering senses gradually returning, I opened my eyes, and dimly perceived something before me that cut across my vision in a diagonal line. As the mist cleared away, and I recovered myself, I made out that it was the nose of Domine Dobiensis, who was kneeling at the bed-side, his nose adumbrating the coverlid of my bed, his spectacles dimmed with tears, and his long grey locks falling on each side, and shadowing his eyes. I was not frightened, but I was too weak to stir or speak. His prayer-book was in his hand, and he still remained on his knees. He had been praying for me. Supposing me still insensible, he broke out in the following soliloquy :

“ *Naviculator parvus pallidus*—how beautiful even in death ! My poor lighter-boy, that hath mastered the rudiments, and triumphed over the Accidence—but to die ! *Levius puer*, a puerile conceit, yet I love it, as I do thee. How my heart bleeds for thee ! The icy breath of death hath whitened thee, as the hoar frost whitens the autumnal rose. Why wert thou transplanted from thine own element ? Young

prince of the stream—lord of the lighter—
‘*Enaviganda sive reges*’—heir apparent to the
tiller—betrothed to the sweep—wedded to the
deck—how art thou laid low! Where is the
blooming cheek, ruddy with the browning air?
where the bright and swimming eye? Alas!
where? ‘*Tum brevitur diræ mortis aperta via*
est,’ as sweet Tibullus hath it;” and the Do-
mine sobbed anew. “Had this stroke fallen
upon me, the aged, the ridiculed, the little re-
garded, the ripe one for the sickle, it would
have been well,—(yet fain would I have instruct-
ed thee still more before I quitted the scene—
fain have left thee the mantle of learning.) Thou
knowest, Lord, that I walk wearily, as in a de-
sert, that I am heavily burdened, and that
my infirmities are many.’ Must I then mourn
over thee, thou promising one—must I say with
the epigrammatist—

‘*Hic jacet in tumulo, raptus in puerilibus annis,*

‘*Jacob Faithful domini cura dolorque sui.*’

True, most true. Hast thou quitted the ele-

ment thou so joyously controlledst, and hast come upon the terra firma for thy grave?

‘ Si licet inde sibi tellus placata levique,
‘ Artificis non levior non potes esse manu.’

Earth, lay light upon the lighter-boy—the lotus, the water lily, that hath been cast on shore to die. Hadst thou lived, Jacob, I would have taught thee the Humanities; we would have conferred pleasantly together. I would have poured out my learning to thee, my Absalom, my son !”

He rose, and stood over me; the tears coursed down his long nose from both his eyes, and from the point of it poured out like a little rain gutter upon the coverlid. I understood not all his words, but I understood the spirit of them—it was love. I feebly stretched forth my arms, and articulated “ Domine.” The old man clasped his hands, looked upwards, and said, “ O God, I thank thee—he will live. Hush, hush, my sweet one, thou must not prate;” and he retired on tiptoe, and I heard him mut-

ter triumphantly, as he walked away, "He called me 'Domine!'"

From that hour I rapidly recovered, and in three weeks was again at my studies. I was now within six months of being fourteen years old, and Mr. Drummond, who had occasionally called to ascertain my progress, came to confer with the Domine upon my future prospects. "All that I can do for him, Mr. Dobbs," said my former master, "is to bind him apprentice to serve his time on the River Thames, and that cannot be done until he is fourteen. Will the rules of the school permit his remaining?"

"The regulations do not exactly, but I will," replied the Domine; "I have asked nothing for my long services, and the governors will not refuse me such a slight favour; should they, I will charge myself with him, that he may not lose his precious time. What sayest thou, Jacob, dost thou feel inclined to return to thy father Thames?"

I replied in the affirmative, for the recollections of my former life were those of independence and activity.

“Thou hast decided well, Jacob—the tailor at his needle, the shoemaker at his last, the serving-boy to an exacting mistress, and all those apprenticed to the various trades, have no time for improvement, but afloat there are moments of quiet and of peace—the still night for reflection, the watch for meditation; and even the adverse wind or tide leaves moments of leisure, which may be employed to advantage. Then wilt thou call to mind the stores of learning which I have laid up in thy garner, and wilt add to them by perseverance and industry. Thou hast yet six months to profit by, and, with the blessing of God, those six months shall not be thrown away.”

Mr. Drummond having received my consent to be bound apprentice, wished me farewell, and departed. During the six months, the Domine pressed me hard, almost too hard, but I worked for *love*, and, to please him, I was most diligent. At last the time had flown away, the six months had more than expired, and Mr. Drummond made his appearance, with a servant, carrying a bundle under his arm. I slipped off

my pepper-and salt, my yellows and my badge, dressed myself in a neat blue jacket and trousers, and, with many exhortations from the Domine, and kind wishes from the matron, I bade farewell to them, and to the charity school, and in an hour was once more under the roof of the kind Mrs. Drummond.

But how different were my sensations to those which oppressed me when I had before entered. I was no longer a little savage uneducated, and confused in my ideas. On the contrary, I was full of imagination, confident in myself, and in my own powers, cultivated in mind, and proud of my success. The finer feelings of my nature had been called into play. I felt gratitude, humility, and love, at the same time that I was aware of my own capabilities. In person I had much improved as well as much increased in stature. I walked confident and elastic, joying in the world, hoping, anticipating, and kindly disposed towards my fellow creatures. I knew, I felt my improvement, my total change of character, and it was with sparkling eyes that I looked up at the window, where I saw Mrs.

Drummond and little Sarah watching my return and re-appearance, after an absence of three years.

Mrs. Drummond had been prepared by her husband to find a great change, but still, she looked for a second or two with wonder as I entered the room, with my hat in my hand, and paid my obeisance. She extended her hand to me, which I took respectfully.

“ I should not have known you, Jacob. You have grown quite a man,” said she, smiling. Sarah held back, looking at me with pleased astonishment; but I went up to her, and she timidly accepted my hand. I had left her as my superior—I returned, and she soon perceived that I had a legitimate right to the command. It was some time before she would converse, and much longer before she would become intimate; but when she did so, it was no longer the little girl encouraging the untutored boy by kindness, or laughing at his absurdities, but looking up to him with respect and affection, and taking his opinion as a guide for her own. I had gained the *power of knowledge*.

By the regulations of the Waterman's Company, it is necessary that every one who wishes to ply on the river on his own account, should serve as an apprentice, from the age of fourteen to twenty-one; at all events, he must serve an apprenticeship for seven years, and be fourteen years old before he signs the articles. This apprenticeship may be served in any description of vessel which sails or works on the river, whether it be barge, lighter, fishing-smack, or a boat of larger dimensions; and it is not until that apprenticeship is served, that he can work on his own account, either in a wherry or any other craft. Mr. Drummond offered to article me on board of one of his own lighters, free of all expense, leaving me at liberty to change into any other vessel that I might think proper. I gratefully accepted the proposal, went with him to Waterman's Hall, signed the papers, and thus was, at the age of fourteen, "*Bound 'prentice to a waterman.*"

CHAPTER VI.

I am recommended to learn to swim, and I take the friendly advice—Heavy suspicion on board of the lighter, and a mystery, out of which Mrs. Radcliffe would have made a romance.

“JACOB, this is Marables, who has charge of the Polly barge,” said Mr. Drummond, who had sent for me into his office, a few days after my arrival at his house. “Marables,” continued my protector, addressing the man, “I have told you that this lad is bound ’prentice to the Polly. I expect you will look after him, and treat him kindly. No blows or ill treatment—if he does not conduct himself well, (but well I’m sure he will,) let me know when you come back from your trip.”

During this speech, I was scrutinizing the outward man of my future controller. He was stout and well-built, inclining to corpulence; his features remarkably good, although his eyes were not large. His mouth was very small, and there was a good-natured smile on his lips, as he answered, "I never treated a cat ill, master."

"I believe not," replied Mr. Drummond; "but I am anxious that Jacob should do well in the world, and therefore let you know that he will always have my protection, so long as he conducts himself properly."

"We shall be very good friends, sir, I'll answer for it, if I may judge from the cut of his jib," replied Marables, extending to me an immense hand, as broad as it was long.

After this introduction, Mr. Drummond gave him some directions, and left us together.

"Come and see the craft, boy," said Marables; and I followed him to the barge, which was one of those fitted with a mast which lowered down and hauled up again, as required. She plied up and down the river as far as the Nore, some-

times extending her voyage still farther ; but that was only in the summer months. She had a large cabin abaft, and a cuddy forward. The cabin was locked, and I could not examine it.

“ This will be your berth,” said Marables, pointing to the cuddy-hatch forward ; “ you’ll have it all to yourself. The other man and I sleep abaft.”

“ Have you another man, then ?”

“ Yes, I have, Jacob,” replied he ; and then muttering to himself, “ I wish I had not—I wish the barge was only between us, Jacob, or that you had not been sent on board,” continued he gravely. “ It would have been better—much better.” And he walked aft, whistling in a low tone, looking down sadly on the deck.

“ Is your cabin large ?” inquired I, as he came forward.

“ Yes, large enough ; but I cannot show it to you now—he has the key.”

“ What, the other man under you ?”

“ Yes,” replied Marables hastily. “ I’ve been thinking, Jacob, that you may as well re-

main on shore till we start. You can be of no use here."

To this I had no objection; but I often went on board during the fortnight that the barge remained, and soon became very partial to Marables. There was a kindness about him that won me, and I was distressed to perceive that he was often very melancholy. What surprised me most, was to find, that during the first week the cabin was constantly locked, and that Marables had not the key. It appeared so strange that he, as master of the barge, should be locked out of his own cabin by his inferior.

One day I went early on board, and found not only the cabin doors open, but the other man belonging to her, walking up and down the deck with Marables. He was a well-looking, tall, active young man, apparently not thirty, with a general boldness of countenance strongly contrasted with a furtive glance of the eye. He had a sort of blue smockfrock over all, and the trousers which appeared below were of a finer texture than those usually worn by people of his condition.

“ This is the lad who is bound to the barge,” said Marables ; “ Jacob, this is Fleming.”

“ So, younker,” said Fleming, after casting an inquiring eye upon me, “ you are to sail with us, are you ? It’s my opinion that your room would be better than your company. However, if you keep your eyes open, I’d advise you to keep your mouth shut. When I don’t like people’s company, I sometimes give them a hoist into the stream—so keep a sharp look out, my joker.”

Not very well pleased with this address, I answered, “ I thought Marables had charge of the craft, and that I was to look to him for orders.”

“ Did you indeed ! ” replied Fleming, with a sneer. “ I say, my lad, can you swim ? ”

“ No, I can’t,” replied I—“ wish I could.”

“ Well, then, take my advice—learn to swim as fast as you can ; for I’ve a strong notion that, one day or other, I shall take you by the scruff of the neck, and send you to look after your father.”

“ Fleming ! Fleming ! pray be quiet ! ” said Marables, who had several times pulled him by the sleeve. “ He’s only joking, Jacob,” con-

tinued Marables to me, as, indignant at the mention of my father's death, I was walking away to the shore, over the other lighters.

"Well," replied I, turning round, "if I am to be tossed overboard, it's just as well to let Mr. Drummond know, that if I'm missing he may guess what's become of me."

"Pooh! nonsense!" said Fleming, immediately altering his manner and coming to me where I stood, in the barge next to them. "Give us your hand, my boy; I was only trying what stuff you were made of. Come, shake hands; I wasn't in earnest."

I took the proffered hand, and went on shore. "Nevertheless," thought I, "I'll learn to swim; for I rather think he was in earnest." And I took my first lesson that day; and, by dint of practice, soon acquired that very necessary art. Had it not been for the threat of Fleming, I probably should not have thought of it; but it occurred to me that I might tumble, even if I were not thrown overboard, and that a knowledge of swimming would do no harm.

The day before the barge was to proceed down the river to Sheerness, with a cargo of bricks, I called upon my worthy old master, Domine Dobiensis.

“*Salve puer!*” cried the old man, who was sitting in his study. “Verily, Jacob, thou art come in good time. I am at leisure, and will give thee a lesson. Sit down, my child.”

The Domine opened the *Æneid* of Virgil, and commenced forthwith. I was fortunate enough to please him with my off-hand translation; and as he closed the book, I told him that I had called to bid him farewell, as we started at daylight the next morning.

“Jacob,” said he, “thou hast profited well by the lessons which I have bestowed upon thee: now take heed of that advice which I am now about to offer to thee. There are many who will tell thee that thy knowledge is of no use, for what avail can the Latin tongue be to a boy on board of a lighter? Others may think that I have done wrong thus to instruct thee, as thy knowledge may render thee vain—*nil exactius eruditius*—

que est—or discontented with thy situation in life. Such is too often the case, I grant; but it is because education is not as general as it ought to be. Were all educated, the superiority acquired or presumed upon by education would be lost, and the nation would not only be wiser, but happier. It would judge more rightly, would not condemn the measures of its rulers, which at present it cannot understand, and would not be led away by the clamour and misrepresentation of the disaffected. But I must not digress, as time is short. Jacob, I feel that thou wilt not be spoilt by the knowledge instilled into thee; but mark me, parade it not, for it will be vanity, and make thee enemies. Cultivate thyself as much as thou canst, but in due season—thy duties to thy employer must be first attended to—but treasure up what thou hast, and lay up more when thou canst. Consider it as hidden wealth, which may hereafter be advantageously employed. Thou art now but an apprentice in a barge; but what mayst thou not be, Jacob, if thou art diligent—if thou fear God, and be honest? I will

now call to my mind some examples to stimulate thee in thy career."

Here the Domine brought forward about forty or fifty instances from history, in which people from nothing had risen to the highest rank and consideration; but, although I listened to them very attentively, the reader will probably not regret the omission of the Domine's catalogue. Having concluded, the Domine gave me a Latin Testament, the Whole Duty of Man, and his blessing. The matron added to them a large slice of seed cake; and by the time that I had returned to Mr. Drummond's, both the Domine's precepts and the matron's considerate addition had been well digested.

It was at six o'clock the next morning that we cast off our fastenings and pulled into the stream. The day was lovely, the sun had risen above the trees, which feathered their boughs down on the sloping lawns in front of the many beautiful retreats of the nobility and gentry, which border the river; and the lamp of day poured a flood of light upon the smooth and rapidly ebbing river. The heavy dew which

had fallen during the night studded the sides of the barge, and glittered like necklaces of diamonds; the mist and the fog had ascended, except here and there, where it partially concealed the landscape; boats laden with the produce of the market-gardens in the vicinity were hastening down with the tide to supply the metropolis; the watermen were in their wherries, cleaning and mopping them out, ready for their fares; the smoke of the chimneys ascended in a straight line to heaven; and the distant chirping of the birds in the trees added to the hilarity and lightness of heart with which I now commenced my career as an apprentice.

I was forward, looking down the river, when Marables called me to take the helm, while they went to breakfast. He commenced giving me instructions, but I cut them short by proving to him that I knew the river as well as he did. Pleased at the information, he joined Fleming, who was preparing the breakfast in the cabin, and I was left on the deck by myself. There, as we glided by every object which for years

I had not seen, but which was immediately recognized, and welcomed as an old friend, with what rapidity did former scenes connected with them flash into my memory ! There was the inn at the waterside, where my father used to replenish the stone bottle ; it was just where the barge now was, that I had hooked and pulled up the largest chub I had ever caught. Now I arrived at the spot where we had run foul of another craft, and my father, with his pipe in his mouth, and his “ Take it coolly,” which so exasperated the other parties, stood as alive before me. Here—yes, it was here—exactly here—where we anchored on that fatal night, when I was left an orphan—it was here that my father disappeared ; and, as I looked down at the water, I almost thought I could perceive it again close over him, as it eddied by ; and it was here that the black smoke — The whole scene came fresh to my memory, my eyes filled with tears, and, for a little while, I could not see to steer. But I soon recovered myself ; the freshness of the air, the bright sky overhead, the busy scene before me, and the

necessity of attending to my duty, chased away my painful remembrances; and when I had passed the spot, I was again cheerful and content.

In half an hour I had shot Putney Bridge, and was sweeping clear of the shallows on the reach below, when Marables and Fleming came up. "How," exclaimed Marables. "have we passed the bridge! Why did you not call us?"

"I have shot it without help many and many a time," replied I, "when I was but ten years old. Why should I call you from your breakfast? But the tides are high now, and the stream rapid, you had better get a sweep out on the bow, or we may tail on the bank."

"Well," replied Fleming with astonishment, "I had no idea that he would have been any help to us; but so much the better." He then spoke in a low tone to Marables.

Marables shook his head. "Don't try, Fleming, it will never do."

"So you said once about yourself," replied Fleming with a laugh.

"I did—I did," replied Marables, clenching

both his hands, which at the time were crossed on his breast, with a look of painful emotion ; “ but I say again, don’t try it ; nay, I say more, you *shall* not.”

“ Shall not,” replied Fleming, haughtily.

“ Yes,” replied Marables coolly ; “ I say shall not, and I’ll stand by my words. Now, Jacob, give me the helm, and get your breakfast.”

I gave up the helm to Marables, and was about to enter the cabin, when Fleming caught me by the arm, and *slewed* me round. “ I say, my joker, we may just as well begin as we leave off. Understand me, that into that cabin you never enter ; and understand further, that if ever I find you in that cabin by day or night, I’ll break every bone in your body. Your berth is forward ; and as for your meals, you may either take them down there, or you may eat them on deck.”

From what I had already witnessed, I knew that for some reason or another, Fleming had the controul over Marables ; nevertheless I replied, “ If Mr. Marables says it is to be so,

well and good; but he has charge of this barge." Marables made no reply; he coloured up, seemed very much annoyed, and then looked up at the sky.

"You'll find," continued Fleming, addressing me in a low voice, "that I command here—so be wise. Perhaps the day may come when you may walk in and out of the cabin as you please, but that depends upon yourself. By-and-by, when we know more of each other—"

"Never, Fleming, never!" interrupted Marables, in a firm and loud tone. "*It shall* not be."

Fleming muttered what I could not hear, and, going into the cabin, brought me out my breakfast, which I despatched with good appetite; and soon afterwards I offered to take the helm, which offer was accepted by Marables, who retired to the cabin with Fleming, where I heard them converse for a long while in a low tone.

The tide was about three-quarters ebb, when the barge arrived abreast of Millbank. Marables came on deck, and taking the helm, de-

sired me to go forward and see the anchor clear for letting go.

“Anchor clear!” said I, “why we have a good hour more before we meet the flood.”

“I know that, Jacob, as well as you do; but we shall not go further to-night. Be smart, and see all clear.”

I went forward, and when the anchor and cable were ready, we let it go, and swung to the stream. I thought, at the time, that this was not making the best of our way, as in duty bound to our master; but as I was not aware of what Marables’ orders might be, I held my tongue. Whether Fleming thought that it was necessary to blind me, or whether it was true that they were only obeying their orders, he said to Marables in my hearing, “Will you go on shore and give the letters to Mr. Drummond’s correspondent, or shall I go for you?”

“You had better go,” replied Marables, carelessly; and shortly after they went to dinner in the cabin, Fleming bringing me mine out on deck.

The flood tide now made, and we rode to the

stream. Having nothing to do, and Marables as well as Fleming appearing to avoid me, I brought the Domine's Latin Testament, and amused myself with reading it. About a quarter of an hour before dusk, Fleming made his appearance to go on shore. He was genteelly, I may say fashionably, drest in a suit of black, with a white neckcloth. At first I did not recognize him, so surprised was I at his alteration; and my thoughts, as soon as my suspense was over, naturally turned upon the singularity of a man who worked in a barge under another, now assuming the dress and appearance of a gentleman. Marables hauled up the little skiff which lay astern. Fleming jumped in and shoved off. I watched him till I perceived him to land at the stairs, and then turned round to Marables. "I can't understand all this," observed I.

"I don't suppose you can," replied Marables; "but still I could explain it, if you will promise me faithfully not to say a word about it."

"I will make that promise, if you satisfy me that all is right," answered I.

“As to all being right, Jacob, that’s as may be; but if I prove to you that there is no harm done to our master, I suppose you will keep the secret. However, I must not allow you to think worse of it than it really is; no, I’ll trust to your good-nature. You wouldn’t harm me, Jacob?” Marables then told me that Fleming had once been well to do in the world, and during the long illness, and subsequent death of Marables’ wife, had lent him money; that Fleming had been very imprudent, and had run up a great many debts, and that the bailiffs were after him. On this emergency he had applied to Marables to help him, and that, in consequence, he had received him on board of the barge, where they never would think of looking for him; that Fleming had friends, and contrived to go on shore at night to see them, and get what assistance he could from them in money: in the mean time, his relations were trying what they could do to arrange with his creditors. “Now,” said Marables, after his narration, “how could I help assisting one who has been so kind to me? And what harm does

it do Mr. Drummond? If Fleming can't do his work, or won't, when we unload, he pays another man himself, so Mr. Drummond is not hurt by it."

"That may be all true," replied I; "but I cannot imagine why I am not to enter the cabin, and why he orders about here as master."

"Why you see, Jacob, I owe him money, and he allows me so much per week for the cabin, by which means I shall pay it off. Do you understand now?"

"Yes, I understand what you have said," replied I.

"Well then, Jacob, I hope you'll say nothing about it. It would only harm me, and do no good."

"That depends upon Fleming's behaviour towards me," replied I. "I will not be bullied and made uncomfortable by him, depend upon it; he has no business on board of the barge, that's clear, and I am bound 'prentice to her. I don't wish to hurt you, and as I suppose

Fleming won't be long on board, I shall say nothing, unless he treats me ill."

Marables then left me, and I reflected upon what he had said. It appeared all very probable, but still I was not satisfied. I resolved to watch narrowly, and if any thing occurred which excited more suspicions, to inform Mr. Drummond upon our return. Shortly afterwards Marables came out again, and told me I might go to bed, and he would keep the deck till Fleming's return. I assented, and went down to the cuddy, but I did not much like this permission. It appeared to me as if he wanted to get rid of me, and I laid awake, turning over in my mind all that I had heard and seen. About two o'clock in the morning I heard the sound of oars, and the skiff strike the side of the barge. I did not go up, but I put my head up the scuttle to see what was going on. It was broad moonlight, and almost as clear as day. Fleming threw up the painter of the skiff to Marables, and as he held it, lifted out of the boat a blue bag, apparently well

filled. The contents jingled as it was landed on the deck. He then put out a yellow silk handkerchief full of something else, and having gained the deck, Marables walked aft with the painter in his hand until the skiff had dropped astern, where he made it fast, and returned to Fleming, who stood close to the blue bag. I heard Fleming ask Marables, in a low voice, if I were in bed, and an answer given in the affirmative. I dropped my head immediately that I might not be discovered, and turned into my bed-place. I was restless for a long while ; thought upon thought, surmise upon surmise, conjecture upon conjecture, and doubt upon doubt, occupied my brain, until at last I went fast asleep—so fast, that I did not wake until summoned by Fleming. I rose, and when I came on deck, found that the anchor had been weighed more than two hours, and that we were past all the bridges. “Why Jacob, my man, you’ve had a famous nap,” said Fleming, with apparent good-humour ; “now go aft, and get your breakfast, it has been waiting for you this half hour.” By the manner of Fleming, I took

it for granted that Marables had acquainted him with our conversation, and indeed, from that time, during our whole trip, Fleming treated me with kindness and familiarity. The veto had not, however, been taken off the cabin, which I never attempted to enter.

CHAPTER VII.

The mystery becomes more and more interesting, and I determine to find it out --- Prying after things locked up, I am locked up myself---Fleming proves to me that his advice was good when he recommended me to learn to swim.

ON our arrival off the Medway, I had just gone down to bed, and was undressing, when I heard Fleming come on deck and haul up the boat. I looked up the hatchway; it was very dark, but I could perceive Marables hand him the bag and handkerchief, with which he pulled on shore. He did not return until the next morning at daylight, when I met him as he came up the side. "Well, Jacob," said he, "you've caught me. I've been on shore to see

my sweetheart ; but you boys ought to know nothing about these things. Make the boat fast, there's a good lad."

When we were one night discharging our cargo, which was for government, I heard voices alongside. From habit, the least noise now awoke me ; a boat striking the side was certain so to do. It was then about twelve o'clock. I looked up the hatchway, perceived two men come on board and enter the cabin with packages. They remained there about ten minutes, and then, escorted to the side by Fleming, left the barge. When the barge was cleared, we hauled off to return, and in three days were again alongside of Mr. Drummond's wharf. The kindness both of Marables and of Fleming had been very great. They lived in a style very superior to what they could be expected to do, and I fared well in consequence.

On our arrival at the wharf, Marables came up to me, and said, "Now, Jacob, as I have honestly told you the secret, I hope you won't ruin me by saying a word to Mr. Drummond." I had before made up my mind to say nothing

to my master until my suspicions were confirmed, and I therefore gave my promise; but I had also resolved to impart my suspicions, as well as what I had seen, to the old Domine. On the third day after our arrival I walked out to the school, and acquainted him with all that had passed, and asked him for his advice.

“Jacob,” said he, “thou hast done well, but thou mightst have done better; hadst thou not given thy promise, which is sacred, I would have taken thee to Mr. Drummond, that thou mightst impart the whole instant. I like it not. Evil deeds are done in darkness. *Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem.* Still, as thou sayest, nought is yet proved. Watch, therefore, Jacob—watch carefully over thy master’s interests, and the interests of society at large. It is thy duty, I may say, *Vigilare noctesque diesque.* It may be as Marables hath said—and all may be accounted for; still, I say, be careful, and be honest.”

I followed the suggestions of the Domine: we were soon laden with another cargo of bricks, to be delivered at the same place, and proceeded

on our voyage. Marables and Fleming, finding that I had not said a word to Mr. Drummond, treated me with every kindness. Fleming once offered me money, which I refused, saying that I had no use for it. I was on the best terms with them, at the same time that I took notice of all that passed, without offering a remark to excite their suspicions. But not to be too prolix, it will suffice to say, that we made many trips during several months, and that during that time I made the following observations: that Fleming went on shore at night at certain places, taking with him bags and bundles—that he generally returned with others, which were taken into the cabin; that sometimes people came off at night, and remained some time in the cabin with him, and that all this took place when it was supposed that I was asleep. The cabin was invariably locked when the barge was lying at the wharfs, if Fleming was on shore, and at no time was I permitted to enter it. Marables was a complete cypher in Fleming's hands, who ordered every thing as he pleased; and in the conversations which took place before

me, with much less restraint than at first, there appeared to be no idea of Fleming's leaving us. As I felt convinced that there was no chance of discovery without further efforts on my part, and my suspicions increasing daily, I resolved upon running some hazard. My chief wish was to get into the cabin and examine its contents, but this was not easy, and would, in all probability, be a dangerous attempt. One night I came on deck in my shirt. We were at anchor off Rotherhithe; it was a dark night, with a drizzling rain. I was hastening below, when I perceived a light still burning in the cabin, and heard the voices of Marables and Fleming. I thought this a good opportunity, and having no shoes, walked safely on the wet deck to the cabin-door, which opened forward, and peeped through the crevices. Marables and Fleming were sitting opposite each other, at the little table. There were some papers before them, and they were dividing some money. Marables expostulated at his share not being sufficient, and Fleming laughed and told him he had earned no more. Fearful of being discovered,

I made a silent retreat, and gained my bed. It was well that I had made the resolution, for just as I was putting my head below the hatch, and drawing it over the scuttle, the door was thrown open, and Fleming came out. I pondered over this circumstance, and the remark of Fleming, that Marables had not earned any more, and I felt convinced that the story told me by Marables relative to Fleming was all false. This conviction stimulated me more than ever to discover the secret, and many and many a night did I watch, with a hope of being able to examine the cabin, but it was to no purpose, either Fleming or Marables was always on board. I continued to report to the Domine all I had discovered, and he agreed at last, that it was better that I should not say any thing to Mr. Drummond until there was the fullest proof of the nature of their proceedings.

The cabin was now the sole object of my thoughts, and many were the schemes revolved in my mind to obtain an entrance. Fatima never coveted admission to the dreadful chamber of Bluebeard, as I did to ascertain the

secrets of this hidden receptacle. One night Fleming had quitted the barge, and I ascended from my dormitory. Marables was on deck, sitting upon the water cask, with his elbow resting on the gunwale, his hand supporting his head, as if in deep thought. The cabin doors were closed, but the light still remained in it. I watched for some time, and perceiving that Marables did not move, walked gently up to him. He was fast asleep; I waited for some little time alongside of him. At last he snored. It was an opportunity not to be lost. I crept to the cabin-door; it was not locked. Although I did not fear the wrath of Marables in case of discovery, as I did that of Fleming, it was still with a beating heart and a tremulous hand that I gently opened the door, pausing before I entered, to ascertain if Marables were disturbed. He moved not, and I entered, closing the door after me. I caught up the light, and held it in my hand, as I hung over the table. On each side were the two bed places of Marables and Fleming, which I had before then had many a partial glimpse of. In front of the bed places

were two lockers, to sit down upon. I tried them—they were not fast—they contained their clothes. At the after part of the cabin were three cupboards; I opened the centre one, it contained crockery, glass, and knives and forks. I tried the one on the starboard side; it was locked, but the key was in it. I turned it gently, but being a good lock, it snapped loud. I paused in fear—but Marables still slept. The cupboard had three shelves, and every shelf was loaded with silver spoons, forks, and every variety of plate, mixed with watches, bracelets, and ornaments of every description. There was, I perceived, a label on each, with a peculiar mark. Wishing to have an accurate survey, and encouraged by my discovery, I turned to the cupboard opposite, on the larboard-side, and I opened it. It contained silk handkerchiefs, in every variety, lace veils, and various other articles of value; on the lower shelf were laid three pairs of pistols. I was now satisfied, and closing the last cupboard, which had not been locked, was about to retreat, when I recollected that I had not re-locked the first cupboard, and,

that they might not, by finding it open, suspect my visit, I turned the key. It made a louder snap than before. I heard Marables start from his slumber on deck ; in a moment I blew out the lamp, and remained quiet. Marables got up, took a turn or two, looked at the cabin doors, which were shut, and opened them a little. Perceiving that the lamp had, as he thought, gone out, he shut them again, and to my consternation, turned the key. There I was, locked up, until the arrival of Fleming—then to be left to his mercy. I hardly knew how to act : at last I resolved upon calling to Marables, as I dreaded his anger less than Fleming's. Then it occurred to me, that Marables might come in, feel for the lamp to relight it, and, that as he came in on one side of the cabin, I might, in the dark, escape by the other. This all but forlorn hope prevented me for some time from applying to him. At last I made up my mind that I would, and ran from the locker to call through the door, when I heard the sound of oars. I paused again—loitered—the boat was alongside, and I heard Fleming jump upon the deck.

“Quick,” said he to Marables, as he came to the cabin-door, and tried to open it; “we’ve no time to lose—we must get up the sacks, and sink every thing. Two of them have ’peached, and the fence will be discovered.”

He took the key from Marables, and opened the door; I had replaced the lamp upon the table. Fleming entered, took a seat on the locker on the larboard-side, and felt for the lamp. Marables followed him, and sat down on the starboard-locker—escape was impossible. With a throbbing heart I sat in silence, watching my fate. In the meantime Fleming had taken out of his pocket his phosphorus match box. I heard the tin top pulled open—even the slight rustling of the one match selected, was perceived. Another second it was withdrawn from the bottle, and a wild flame of light illumined the deck cabin, and discovered me to their view. Staggered at my appearance, the match fell from Fleming’s hand, and all was dark as before; but there was no more to be gained by darkness—I had been discovered.

“Jacob !” cried Marables.

“Will not live to tell the tale,” added Fleming, with a firm voice, as he put another match into the bottle, and then re-lighted the lamp. “Come,” said Fleming, fiercely ; “out of the cabin immediately.”

I prepared to obey him. Fleming went out, and I was following him round his side of the table, when Marables interposed.

“Stop: Fleming, what is that you mean to do?”

“Silence him !” retorted Fleming.

“But not murder him, surely ?” cried Marables, trembling from head to foot. “You will not, dare not do that.”

“What is it that I dare not do, Marables ? but it is useless to talk ; it is now his life or mine. One must be sacrificed, and I will not die yet to please him.”

“You shall not—by God, Fleming, you shall not !” cried Marables, seizing hold of my other arm, and holding me tight.

I added my resistance to that of Marables ; when Fleming perceiving that we should be

masters, took a pistol from his pocket, and struck Marables a blow on the head, which rendered him senseless. Throwing away the pistol, he dragged me out of the cabin. I was strong, but he was very powerful; my resistance availed me nothing: by degrees he forced me to the side of the barge, and, lifting me up in his arms, dashed me into the dark and rapidly flowing water. It was fortunate for me that the threat of Fleming, upon our first meeting, had induced me to practise swimming, and still more fortunate that I was not encumbered with any other clothes than my shirt, in which I had come on deck. As it was, I was carried away by the tide for some time before I could rise, and at such a distance that Fleming, who probably watched, did not perceive that I came up again. Still I had but little hopes of saving myself in a dark night, and at nearly a quarter of a mile from shore. I struggled to keep myself afloat, when I heard the sound of oars; a second or two more, and I saw them over my head. I grasped at and seized the last, as the others passed me, crying "Help!"

“What the devil? Oars, my men; here’s somebody overboard,” cried the man, whose oar I had seized.

They stopped pulling: he dragged in his oar till he could lay hold of me, and then they hauled me into the boat. I was exhausted with cold and my energetic struggles in the water; and it was not until they had wrapped me up in a great coat, and poured some spirits down my throat, that I could speak. They inquired to which of the craft I belonged.

“The Polly barge.”

“The very one we are searching for. Where about is she, my lad?”

I directed them; the boat was a large wherry, pulling six oars, belonging to the River Police. The officer in the stern sheets, who steered her, then said, “How came you overboard?”

“I was thrown overboard,” replied I, “by a man called Fleming.”

“The name he goes by,” cried the officer. “Give way, my lads. There’s murder, it appears, as well as other charges.”

In a quarter of an hour we were alongside; the officer and four men sprang out of the boat, leaving the other two, with directions for me to remain in the boat. Cold and miserable as I was, I was too much interested in the scene not to rise up from the stern sheets, and pay attention to what passed. When the officer and his men gained the deck, they were met by Fleming in the advance, and Marables about a yard or two behind.

“What’s all this?” cried Fleming, boldly.
“Are you river pirates, come to plunder us?”

“Not exactly,” replied the officer; “but we are just come to overhaul you. Deliver up the key of your cabin,” continued he, after trying the door, and finding it locked.

“With all my heart, if you prove yourselves authorized to search,” replied Fleming; “but you’ll find no smuggled spirits here, I can tell you. Marables, hand them the key; I see that they belong to the river guard.”

Marables, who had never spoken, handed the key to the officer, who, opening a dark lanthorn, went down into the cabin and proceeded in his

search, leaving two of the men to take charge of Fleming and Marables. But his search was in vain; he could find nothing, and he came out on the deck.

“Well,” said Fleming, sarcastically, “have you made a seizure?”

“Wait a little,” said the officer; “how many men have you in this barge?”

“You see them,” replied Fleming.

“Yes; but you have a boy: where is he?”

“We have no boy,” replied Fleming; “two men are quite enough for this craft.”

“Still I ask you, what has become of the boy? for a boy was on your decks this afternoon.”

“If there was one, I presume he has gone on shore again.”

“Answer me another question: which of you threw him overboard?”

At this query of the officer, Fleming started, while Marables cried out, “It was not I; I would have saved him. O that the boy were here to prove it!”

“I am here, Marables,” said I, coming on

the deck, “and I am witness that you tried to save me, until you were struck senseless by that ruffian Fleming, who threw me overboard, that I might not give evidence as to the silver and gold which I found in the cabin; and which I overheard him tell you must be put into sacks and sunk, as two of the men had ’peached.”

Fleming, when he saw me, turned round, as if not to look at me. His face I could not see; but after remaining a few seconds in that position, he held out his hands in silence for the handcuffs, which the officer had already taken out of his pocket. Marables, on the contrary, sprang forward as soon as I had finished speaking, and caught me in his arms.

“My fine honest boy! I thank God—I thank God! All that he has said is true, sir. You will find the goods sunk astern, and the buoy-rope to them fastened to the lower pintle of the rudder. Jacob, thank God, you are safe; I little thought to see you again. ‘There, sir,” continued he to the officer, holding out his hands, “I deserve it all. I had not strength of mind enough to be honest.”

The handcuffs were put on Marables as well as on Fleming, and the officer allowing me time to go down and put on my clothes, hauled up the sacks containing the valuables, and leaving two hands in charge of the barge, rowed ashore with us all in the boat. It was then about three o'clock in the morning, and I was very glad when we arrived at the receiving house, and I was permitted to warm myself before the fire. As soon as I was comfortable, I laid down on a bench and fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

More of the ups and downs of life—Up before the magistrates, then down the river again in the lighter—The Toms—A light heart upon two sticks—Receive my first lessons in singing—Our lighter well manned with two boys and a fraction.

I DID not awake the next morning till roused by the police, who brought us up before the magistrates. The crowd who followed, appeared to make no distinction between the prisoners and the witness, and remarks not very complimentary, and to me very annoying, were liberally made. “He’s a young hand for such work,” cried one. “There’s gallows marked in his face,” observed another, to whom, when I turned round to look at him, I certainly could

have returned the compliment. The station was not far from the magistrates' office, and we soon arrived. The principal officer went into the inner room, and communicated with the magistrates before they came out and took their seats on the bench.

“Where is Jacob Faithful? My lad, do you know the nature of an oath?”

I answered in the affirmative; the oath was administered, and my evidence taken down. It was then read over to the prisoners, who were asked if they had any thing to say in their defence. Fleming, who had sent for his lawyer, was advised to make no answer. Marables quietly replied, that all the boy had said was quite true.

“Recollect,” said the magistrate, “we cannot accept you as king's evidence; that of the boy is considered sufficient.”

“I did not intend that you should,” replied Marables; “I only want to ease my conscience, not to try for my pardon.”

They were then committed for trial, and led away to prison. I could not help going up to Marables and shaking his hand, before he was led

away. He lifted up his two arms, for he was still handcuffed, and wiped his eyes, saying, "Let it be a warning to you, Jacob—not that I think you need it; but still I once was honest as yourself—and look at me now." And he cast his eyes down sorrowfully upon his fettered wrists. They quitted the room, Fleming giving me a look which was very significant of what my chance would be, if ever I fell into his clutches.

"We must detain you, my lad," observed one of the magistrates, "without you can procure a sufficient bail for your appearance as witness on the trial."

I replied, that I knew of no one, except my master Mr. Drummond, and my schoolmaster; and had no means of letting them know of my situation.

The magistrate then directed the officer to go down by the first Brentford coach, acquaint Mr. Drummond with what had passed, and that the lighter would remain in charge of the river police, until he could send hands on board of her; and I was allowed to sit down on a

bench behind the bar. It was not until past noon that Mr. Drummond, accompanied by the Domine, made his appearance. To save time, the magistrates gave them my deposition to read; they put in bail, and I was permitted to leave the court. We went down by the coach, but, as they went inside and I was out, I had not many questions asked until my arrival at Mr. Drummond's house, when I gave them a detailed account of all that had happened.

“Proh! Deus!” exclaimed the Domine, when I had finished my story. “What an escape! How narrowly, as Propertius hath it femininely, ‘*Eripitur nobis jam pridem carus puer.*’ Well was it, that thou hadst learnt to swim—verily thou must have struggled lustily. ‘*Pugnat in adversas ire natator aquas,*’ yea, lustily for thy life, child. Now, God be praised!”

But Mr. Drummond was anxious that the lighter should be brought back to the wharf; he therefore gave me my dinner, for I had eaten nothing that day, and then despatched me in a boat with two men, to bring her up the

river. The next morning we arrived ; and Mr. Drummond, not having yet selected any other person to take her in charge, I was again some days on shore, dividing my time between the Domine and Mr. Drummond's, where I was always kindly treated, not only by him, but also by his wife, and little daughter Sarah.

A master for the lighter was soon found, and as I passed a considerable time under his orders, I must describe him particularly. He had served the best part of his life on board a man-of-war, had been in many general and single actions, and, at the battle of 'Trafalgar, had wound up his servitude with the loss of both his legs, and an out-pension from Greenwich Hospital, which he preferred to being received upon the establishment, as he had a wife and child ; since that time he had worked on the river. He was very active, and broad-shouldered, and had probably, before he lost his legs, been a man of at least five feet eleven or six feet high ; but, as he found that he could keep his balance better upon short stumps than long ones, he had reduced his wooden legs to

about eight inches in length, which, with his square body, gave him the appearance of a huge dwarf. He bore, and I will say most deservedly, an excellent character. His temper was always cheerful, and he was a little inclined to drink ; but the principal feature in him was lightness of heart ; he was always singing. His voice was very fine and powerful. When in the service, he used to be summoned to sing to the captain and officers, and was the delight of the forecastle. His memory was retentive, and his stock of songs incredible ; at the same time, he seldom or ever sang more than one or two stanzas of a song in the way of quotation, or if apt to what was going on, often altering the words to suit the occasion. He was accompanied by his son Tom, a lad of my own age, as merry as his father, and who had a good treble voice and a great deal of humour : he would often take the song up from his father, with words of his own putting in, with ready wit and good tune. We three composed the crew of the lighter ; and, as there had already been considerable loss from demurrage, were embarked

as soon as they arrived. The name of the father was Tom Beazeley, but he was always known on the river as "old Tom," or, as some more learned wag had christened him, "the *Merman on two sticks*." As soon as we had put our traps on board, as old Tom called them, he received his orders, and we cast off from the wharf. The wind was favourable. Young Tom was as active as a monkey, and as full of tricks. His father took the helm, while we two, assisted by a dog of the small Newfoundland breed, which Tom had taught to take a rope in his teeth, and be of no small service to two boys in bowsing on a tackle, made sail upon the lighter, and away we went, while old Tom's strain might be heard from either shore.

"Loose, loose every sail to the breeze,
The course of the vessel improve.
I've done with the toil of the seas;
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love."

"Tom, you beggar, is the bundle ready for your mother? We must drop the skiff, Jacob, at Battersea Reach, and send the clothes on shore for the old woman to wash, or there'll

be no clean shirts for Sunday. Shove in your shirts, Jacob, the old woman won't mind that. She used to wash for the mess. Clap on, both of you, and get another pull at those haulyards. That'll do, my bantams.

“Hoist, hoist, every sail to the breeze,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song,
Let's drink while the barge cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.”

“Tom, where's my pot of tea? Come, my boy, we must pipe to breakfast. Jacob, there's a rope towing overboard. Now, Tom, hand me my tea, and I'll steer with one hand, drink with the other, and as for the legs, the less we say about them the better.

“No glóry I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me,
But one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant—”

Here Tom's treble chimed in, handing him the pot,

“For *breakfast a good cup of tea.*”

“ Silence, you sea-cook ! how dare you shove in your penny whistle ? How’s tide, Tom ? ”

“ Three-quarters ebb.”

“ No it a’n’t, you thief ; how is it, Jacob ? ”

“ About half, I think.”

“ And you’re right.”

“ What water have we down here on the side ? ”

“ You must give the point a wide berth,” replied I, “ the shoal runs out.”

“ Thanky, boy, so I thought, but wasn’t sure : ” and then old Tom burst out in a beautiful air.

“ Trust not too much your own opinion,
When your vessel’s under weigh,
Let good advice still bear dominion,
That’s a compass will not stray.”

“ Old Tom, is that you ? ” hallooed a man from another barge.

“ Yes ; what’s left of me, my hearty.”

“ You’ll not fetch the bridges this tide—there’s a strong breeze right up the reaches below.”

“ Never mind, we’ll do all we can.

“ If unassailed by squall or shower,
Wafted by the gentle gales,
Let’s not lose the favouring hour,
While success attends our sails.”

“ Bravo, old Tom ! why don’t the boys get the lines out, for all the fishes are listening to you,” cried the man, as the barges were parted by the wind and tide.

“ I did once belong to a small craft, called the Arion,” observed old Tom, “ and they say as how the story was, that that chap could make the fish follow him just when he pleased. I know that when we were in the North Sea, the shoals of seals would follow the ship if you whistled ; but those brutes have ears—now fish hav’n’t got none.

“ Oh well do I remember that cold dreary land,
Where the northern light
In the winter’s night,
Shone bright on its snowy strand.”

“ Jacob, have you finished your breakfast ?

Here, take the helm, while I and Tom put the craft a little into apple-pie order."

Old Tom then stumped forward, followed by his son and the Newfoundland dog, who appeared to consider himself as one of the most useful personages on board. After coiling down the ropes and sweeping the decks, they went into the cabin to make their little arrangements.

"A good lock that, Tom," cried the father, turning the key of the cupboard. (I recollected it, and that its snapping so loud was the occasion of my being tossed overboard.) Old Tom continued: "I say, Tom, you won't be able to open that cupboard, so I'll put the sugar and the grog into it, you scamp. It goes too fast, when you're purser's steward.

"For grog is our larboard and starboard,
Our main-mast, our mizen, our log,
On shore, or at sea, or when harbour'd,
The mariner's compass is grog."

"But it ar'n't a compass to steer steady by, father," replied Tom.

“ Then don’t you have nothing to do with it, Tom.”

“ I only takes a little, father, because you mayn’t take too much.”

“ Thanky for nething; when do I ever take too much, you scamp?”

“ Not too much for a man standing on his own pins, but too much for a man on two broomsticks.”

“ Stop your jaw, Mr. Tom, or I’ll unscrew one of the broomsticks, and lay it over your shoulders.”

“ Before it’s out of the socket, I’ll give you *leg-bail*. What will you do then, father?”

“ Catch you when I can, Tom, as the spider takes the fly.”

“ What’s the good o’ that, when you can’t bear malice for ten minutes?”

“ Very true, Tom; then thank your stars that you have two good legs, and that your poor father has none.”

“ I very often do thank my stars, and that’s the truth of it; but what’s the use of being

angry about a drop of rum, or a handful of sugar?"

"Because you takes more than your allowance."

"Well, do you take less, then all will be right."

"And why should I take less, pray?"

"Because you're only half a man; you haven't any legs to provide for, as I have."

"Now I tell you, Tom, that's the very reason why I should have more, to comfort my old body for the loss of them."

"When you lost your legs you lost your ballast, father, and, therefore, you mus'n't carry too much sail, or you'll topple overboard some dark night. If I drink the grog it's all for your good, you see."

"You're a dutiful son in that way, at all events; and a sweet child, as far as sugar goes; but Jacob is to sleep in the cabin with me, and you'll shake your blanket forward."

"Now that I consider quite unnatural; why part father and son?"

“ It’s not that exactly, its only parting son and the grog bottle.”

“ That’s just as cruel ; why part two such good friends ?”

“ ’Cause, Tom, he’s too strong for you, and floors you sometimes.”

“ Well, but I forgives him ; it’s all done in good humour.”

“ Tom, you’re a wag ; but you wag your tongue to no purpose. Liquor ar’n’t good for a boy like you, and it grows upon you.”

“ Well, don’t I grow too ? we grow together.”

“ You’ll grow faster without it.”

“ I’ve no wish to be a tall man cut short, like you.”

“ If I hadn’t been a tall man, my breath would have been cut short for ever ; the ball which took my legs, would have cut you right in half.”

“ And the ball that would take your head off, would whistle over mine ; so there we are equal again.”

“ And there’s the grog, fast,” replied old Tom, turning the key, and putting it into his

pocket. "That's a stopper over all; so now we'll go on deck."

I have narrated this conversation, as it will give the reader a better idea of Tom, and his way of treating his father. Tom was fond of his father, and although mischievous, and too fond of drinking, when he could obtain liquor, was not disobedient or vicious. We had nearly reached Battersea-fields when they returned on deck.

"Do you know, Jacob, how the parish of Battersea came into possession of those fields?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, then, I'll tell you; it was because the Battersea people were more humane and charitable than their neighbours. There was a time when those fields were of no value, now they're worth a mint of money, they say. The body of a poor devil, who was drowned in the river, was washed on shore on those banks, and none of the parishes would be at the expense of burying it. The Battersea people, though they had least right to be called upon, would not allow the poor fellow's corpse to be lying on the

mud, and they went to the expense. Now, when the fields became of value, the other parishes were ready enough to claim them, but the case was tried, and as it was proved that Battersea had buried the body, the fields were decided to belong to that parish. So they were well paid for their humanity, and they deserved it. Mr. Drummond says you know the river well, Jacob."

"I was born on it."

"Yes, so I heard, and all about your father and mother's death. I was telling Tom of it, because he's too fond of *bowsing up his jib*."

"Well, father, there's no occasion to remind Jacob; the tear is in his eye already," replied Tom, with consideration.

"I wish you never had any other *drop* in your *eye*,—but never mind, Jacob, I didn't think of what I was saying. Look ye, d'ye see that little house with the two chimneys—that's mine, and there's my old woman—I wonder what she's about just now." Old Tom paused for a while, with his eyes fixed on the object, and then burst out—

“ I’ve crossed the wide waters, I’ve trod the lone strand,

I’ve triumphed in battle, I’ve lighted the brand ;
I’ve borne the loud thunder of death o’er the foam,
Fame, riches, ne’er found them,—yet still found a home.”

“ Tom, boy, haul up the skiff and paddle on shore with the bundle ; ask the old woman how she is, and tell her I’m hearty.” Tom was in the boat in a moment, and pulling lustily for the shore. “ That makes me recollect when I returned to my mother, a’ter the first three years of my sea service. I borrowed the skiff from the skipper—I was in a Greenland-man, my first ship, and pulled ashore to my mother’s cottage under the eliff. I thought the old soul would have died with joy.” Here old Tom was silent, brushed a tear from his eye, and, as usual, commenced a strain, *sotto voce*.

“ Why what’s that to you, if my eyes I’m a wiping,
A tear is a pleasure, d’ye see, in its way.”

“ How miserable,” continued he, after another pause, “ the poor thing was when I would

go to sea—how she begged and prayed—boys have no feeling, that's sartain.

“ O bairn, dinna leave me, to gang far away,
O bairn, dinna leave me, ye're all that I hae,
Think on a mither, the wind and the wave,
A mither set on ye, her feet on the grave.

“ However, she got used to it at last, as the woman said, when she skinned the eels. Tom's a good boy, Jacob, but not steady, as they say you are. His mother spoils him, and I can't bear to be cross to him neither; for his heart's in the right place, after all. There's the old woman shaking her dishclout at us, as a signal. I wish I had gone on shore myself, but I can't step into those paper-built little boats, without my timber toes going through the bottom.”

CHAPTER IX.

The two Toms take to protocolling---Treaty of peace ratified between the belligerent parties---Lots of songs and supper---The largest mess of roast meat upon record.

TOM then shoved off the skiff. When half-way between the lighter and the shore, while his mother stood watching us, he laid on his oars. “Tom, Tom!” cried his mother, shaking her fist at him, as he stooped down his head, “if you do, Tom!”

“Tom! Tom!” cried his father, shaking his fist also, “if you dare, Tom!”

But Tom was not within reach of either party; and he dragged a bottle out of the bas-

ket which his mother had intrusted to him, and putting it to his mouth, took a long swig.

“ That’s enough, Tom,” screamed his mother, from the shore.

“ That’s too much, you rascal !” cried his father, from the barge.

Neither admonition was, however, minded by Tom, who took what he considered his allowance ; and then very coolly pulled alongside, and handed up the basket and bundle of clean clothes on deck. Tom then gave the boat’s painter to his father, who, I perceived, intended to salute him with the end of it, as soon as he came up ; but Tom was too knowing—he surged the boat a-head, and was on deck and forward, before his father could stump up to him. The main hatch was open, and Tom put that obstacle between his father and himself, before he commenced a parley.

“ What’s the matter, father ?” said Tom, smiling, and looking at me.

“ Matter, you scamp ! How dare you touch the bottle ?”

“ The bottle—the bottle’s there, as good as ever.”

“The grog is what I mean—how dare you drink it?”

“I was half way between my mother and you, and so I drank success and long life to you both. Arn’t that being a very dutiful son?”

“I wish I had my legs back again, you rascal.”

“You wish you had the grog back again, you mean, father. You have to choose between—for if you had the grog, you’d never keep your legs.”

“For the matter of drinking the grog, you scamp, you seem determined to stand in my shoes.”

“Well, shoes are of no use to you now, father—why shouldn’t I? Why don’t you trust me? If you hadn’t locked the cupboard, I wouldn’t have helped myself.” And Tom, whose boot-lace was loose, stooped down to make it fast.

Old Tom, who was still wroth, thought this a good opportunity, as his son’s head was turned the other way, to step over the bricks,

with which, as I before said, the lighter had been laden level with the main hatchway, and take his son by surprise. Tom, who had no idea of his manœuvre, would certainly have been captured, but, fortunately for him, one of the upper bricks turned over, and let his father's wooden leg down between two of the piles, where it was jammed fast. Old Tom attempted to extricate himself, but could not. "Tom, Tom, come here," cried he, "and pull me out."

"Not I," replied Tom, coolly.

"Jacob, Jacob, come here; Tom, run and take the helm."

"Not I," replied Tom.

"Jacob, never mind the helm, she'll drift all right for a minute," cried old Tom; "come, and help me."

But I had been so amused with the scene, and having a sort of feeling for young Tom, that I declared it impossible to leave the helm without her going on the banks. I therefore remained, wishing to see in what way the two Toms would get out of their respective scrapes.

“Confound these —— ! Tom, you scoundrel, am I to stick here all day ?”

“No, father, I don’t suppose you will. I shall help you directly.”

“Well, then, why don’t you do it ?”

“Because I must come to terms. You don’t think I’d help myself to a thrashing, do you ?”

“I won’t thrash you, Tom. Shiver my timbers if I do.”

“They’re in a fair way of being shivered as it is, I think. Now, father, we’re both even.”

“How’s that ?”

“Why, you clapped a stopper over all on me this morning, and now you’ve got one on yourself.”

“Well, then, take off mine, and I’ll take off your’s.”

“If I unlock your leg, you’ll unlock the cupboard.”

“Yes.”

“And you promise me a *stiff* one after dinner ?”

“Yes, yes, as stiff as I stand here.”

“No, that will be too much, for it would *set*

me fast. I only like it about half and half, as I took it just now."

Tom, who was aware that his father would adhere to his agreement, immediately went to his assistance, and throwing out some of the upper bricks, released him from his confinement. When old Tom was once more on the deck and on his legs, he observed, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. The *loss* of my legs has been the *saving* of you many a time, Mr. Tom."

It was now time to anchor, as we were meeting the flood. Tom, who officiated as cook, served up the dinner, which was ready; and we were all very pleasant, Tom treating his father with perfect confidence. As we had not to weigh again for some hours, our repast was prolonged, and old Tom having fulfilled his promise to his son, of a *stiff one*, took one or two himself, and became very garrulous.

"Come, spin us a good yarn, father; we've nothing to do, and Jacob will like to hear you."

"Well, then, so I will," answered he, "what shall it be about?"

“Fire and water, of course,” replied Tom.

“Well, then, I’ll tell you something about both, since you wish it; how I came into his Majesty’s sarvice through *fire*, and how the officer who pressed me went out of it through *water*. I was still ’prentice, and wanted about three months to sarve my time, when, of course, I should no longer be protected from sarving the king, when the ship I was in, sailed up the Baltic with a cargo of bullocks. We had at least two hundred on board, tied up on platforms on every deck, with their heads close to the sides, and all their sterns looking in board. They were fat enough when they were shipped, but soon dwindled away: the weather was very bad, and the poor creatures rolled against each other, and slipped about in a way that it pitied you to see them. However, they were stowed so thick, that they held one another up, which proved of service to them in the heavy gales which tossed the ship about like a pea in a rattle. We had joined a large convoy, and were entering the Sound, when, as usual, it fell calm, and out came the Danish gun-boats to

attack us. The men-of-war who had charge of the convoy behaved nobly : but still they were becalmed, and many of us were a long way astern. Our ship was pretty well up, but she was too far in-shore ; and the Danes made a dash at us with the hope of making a capture. The men-of-war, seeing what the enemy were about, sent boats to beat them off ; but it was too late to prevent them boarding, which they did. Not wishing to peep through the bars of the gaol at Copenhagen, we left the ship in our boats on one side, just as the Danes boarded on the other, and pulled towards the men-of-war's armed boats coming to our assistance. The men-of-war's boats pulled right for the ship to retake her, which they did certainly, but not before the enemy had set fire to the vessel, and had then pulled off towards another. Seeing this, the men-of-war's boats again gave chase to the Danes, leaving us to extinguish the flames, which were now bursting out fore and aft, and climbing like fiery serpents up to the main catharpings. We soon found that it was impossible : we remained as long as the heat and

smoke would permit us, and then we were obliged to be off; but I shall never forget the roaring and moaning of the poor animals who were then roasting alive. It was a cruel thing of the Danes to fire a vessel full of these poor creatures. Some had broken loose, and were darting up and down the decks goring others, and tumbling down the hatchways: others remained trembling, or trying to snuff up a mouthful of fresh air amongst the smoke; but the struggling and bellowing, as the fire caught the vessel fore and aft, and was grilling two hundred poor creatures at once, was at last shocking, and might have been heard for a mile. We did all we could. I cut the throats of a dozen, but they kicked and struggled so much, falling down upon, and treading you under their feet; and once one laid upon me, and I expected to be burnt with them, for it was not until I was helped that I got clear of the poor animal. So we stayed as long as we could, and then left them to their fate; and the smell of burnt meat as we shoved off, was as horrible as the cries and wailings of the poor

beasts themselves. The men-of-war's boats returned, having chased away the Danes, and very kindly offered us all a ship, as we had lost our own, so that you see that by *fire* I was forced into his Majesty's sarvice. Now, the boat which took us, belonged to one of the frigates who had charge of the convoy, and the lieutenant who commanded the boat was a swearing, tearing sort of a chap, who lived as if his life was to last for ever. After I was taken on board, the captain asked me if I would enter, and I thought that I might as well sarve the king handsomely, so I volunteered. It's always the best thing to do, when you're taken, and can't help yourself, for you are more trusted than a pressed man who is obstinate. I liked the sarvice from the first—the captain was not a particular man ; according to some people's idea of the sarvice, she wasn't in quite man-of-war fashion, but she was a happy ship, and the men would have followed and fought for the captain to the last drop of their blood. That's the sort of ship for me. I've seen cleaner decks, but I never saw merrier hearts. The only one of the

officers disliked by the men was the lieutenant who pressed me ; he had a foul mouth, and no discretion ; and as for swearing, it was really terrible to hear the words which came out of his mouth. I don't mind an oath rapped out in the heat of the moment, but he invented his oaths when he was cool, and let them out in his rage. We were returning home, after having seen the convoy safe, when we met with a gale of wind in our teeth, one of the very worst I ever fell in with. It had been blowing hard from the S.W., and then shifted to the N.W., and made a cross sea, which was tremendous. Now, the frigate was a very old vessel, and although they had often had her into dock and repaired her below, they had taken no notice of her upper works, which were as rotten as a medlar. I think it was about three bells in the middle watch, when the wind was howling through the rigging, for we had no canvass on her 'cept a staysail and trysail, when the staysail sheet went, and she broached-to afore they could prevent her. The lieutenant I spoke of had the watch, and his voice was heard

through the roaring of the wind, swearing at the men to haul down the staysail, that we might bend on the sheet, and set it right again; when, she having, as I said, broached-to, a wave—aye, a wave as high as the maintop almost, took the frigate right on her broadside, and the bulwarks of the quarter-deck being, as I said, quite rotten, cut them off clean level with the main chains, sweeping them, and guns, and men, all overboard together. The mizen-mast went, but the main-mast held on, and I was under its lee at the time, and was saved by clinging on like a nigger, while for a minute I was under the water, which carried almost all away with it to leeward. As soon as the water passed over me, I looked up and around me—it was quite awful; the quarter-deck was cut off as with a knife—not a soul left there, that I could see; no man at the wheel—mizen-masts gone—skylights washed away—waves making a clear breach, and no defence; boats washed away from the quarters—all silent on deck, but plenty of noise below and on the main-deck, for the ship was nearly full of water, and all below were

hurrying up in their shirts, thinking that we were going down. At last the captain crawled up, and clung by the stanchions, followed by the first lieutenant and the officers, and by degrees all was quiet, the ship was cleared, and the hands were turned up to muster, under the half-deck. There were forty-seven men who did not answer to their names—they had been summoned to answer for their lives, poor fellows! and there was also the swearing lieutenant not to be found. Well, at last we got the hands on deck, and put her before the wind, scudding under bare poles. As we went aft to the taffrail, the bulwark of which still remained, with about six feet of the quarter-deck bulwark on each side, we observed something clinging to the stern ladder, dipping every now and then into the sea, as it rose under her counter, and assisted the wind in driving her before the gale. We soon made it out to be a man, and I went down, slipped a bowling knot over the poor fellow, and with some difficulty we were both hauled up again. It proved to be the lieutenant, who had been washed under the counter,

and clung to the stern ladder, and had thus miraculously been preserved. It was a long while before he came to, and he never did any duty the whole week we were out, till we got into Yarmouth Roads; indeed, he hardly ever spoke a word to any one, but seemed to be always in serious thought. When we arrived, he gave his commission to the captain, and went on shore; went to school again, they say, and *bore up for a parson*, and for all I know, he'll preach somewhere next Sunday. So you see, *water* drove him out of the service, and *fire* forced me in. There's a yarn for you, Jacob."

"I like it very much," replied I.

"And now, father, give us a whole song, and none of your little bits." Old Tom broke out with the "Death of Nelson," in a style that made the tune and words ring in my ears for the whole evening.

The moon was up before the tide served, and we weighed our anchor; old Tom steering, while his son was preparing supper, and I remaining forward, keeping a sharp look out, that we did

not run foul of anything. It was a beautiful night, and as we passed through the several bridges, the city appeared as if it were illuminated, from the quantity of gas throwing a sort of halo of light over the tops of the buildings which occasionally marked out the main streets from the general dark mass—old Tom's voice was still occasionally heard, as the scene brought to his remembrance his variety of song.

“ For the murmur of thy lips, love,
Come sweetly unto me,
As the sound of oars that dip, love,
At moonlight in the sea.”

I never was more delighted than when I heard these snatches of different songs poured forth in such melody from old Tom's lips, the notes floating along the water during the silence of the night. I turned aft to look at him ; his face was directed upwards, looking on the moon, which glided majestically through the heavens, silvering the whole of the landscape. The water was smooth as glass, and the rapid tide

had swept us clear of the ranges of ships in the pool ; both banks of the river were clear, when old Tom again commenced.

“ The moon is up, her silver beam
Shines bower, and grove, and mountain over,
A flood of radiance heaven doth seem
To light thee, maiden, to thy lover.

“ Jacob, how does the bluff-nob bear ? on the starboard-bow ? ”

“ Yes—broad on the bow ; you’d better keep up half a point, the tide sweeps us fast.”

“ Very true, Jacob ; look out, and say when. Steady it is, boy.

“ If o’er her orb a cloud should rest,
’Tis but thy cheeks’ soft blush to cover ;
He waits to clasp thee to his breast,
The moon is up—go, meet thy lover.”

“ Tom, what have you got for supper, boy ? What’s that frizzing in your frying-pan ? Smells good, anyhow.”

“ Yes, and I expect will taste good too. However, you look after the moon, father, and leave me and the frying-pan to play our parts.”

“ While I sing mine, I suppose, boy.

“ The moon is up, round beauty’s shrine,
Love’s pilgrims bend at vesper hour,
Earth breathes to heaven, and looks divine,
And lovers’ hearts confess her power.”

Old Tom stopped, and the frying-pan frizzed on, sending forth an odour which, if not grateful to Heaven, was peculiarly so to us mortals, hungry with the fresh air. “ How do we go now, Jacob?”

“ Steady, and all’s right; but we shall be met with the wind next reach, and had better brail up the mainsail.”

“ Go then, Tom, and help Jacob.”

“ I can’t leave the *ingons*, father, not if the lighter tumbled overboard; it would bring more tears in my eyes to spoil them, now that they are frying so merrily, than they did when I was cutting them up. Besides, the liver would be as black as the bends.”

“ Clap the frying-pan down on deck, Tom, and brail the sail up with Jacob, there’s a good boy. You can give it another shake or two afterwards.”

“Glide on, my bark, how sweet to rove,
With such a beaming sky above!”

“That’s right, my boys, belay all that ; now
to our stations ; Jacob on the look-out, Tom to
his frying-pan, and I to the helm.

“No sound is heard to break the spell,
Except the water’s gentle swell ;
While midnight, like a mimic day,
Shines on to guide our moonlight way.

“Well, the moon’s a beautiful creature—
God bless her ! How often have we longed for
her in the dark winter, channel-cruizing, when
the waves were flying over the Eddystone, and
trying in their malice to put out the light. I
don’t wonder at people making songs to the
moon, nor at my singing them. We’ll anchor
when we get down the next reach.”

We swept the next reach with the tide, which
was now slacking fast. Our anchor was dropped,
and we all went to supper, and to bed. I have
been particular in describing the first day of my
being on board with my new shipmates, as it
may be taken as a sample of our every-day life ;
Tom and his father fighting and making friends,

cooking, singing, and spinning yarns; still I shall have more scenes to describe. Our voyage was made, we took in a return cargo, and arrived at the proprietor's wharf, when I found that I could not proceed with them the next voyage, as the trial of Fleming and Marables was expected to come on in a few days. The lighter therefore took in another cargo, and sailed without me; Mr. Drummond, as usual, giving me the run of his house.

CHAPTER X.

I help to hang my late bargemate for his attempt to drown me—One good turn deserves another—The subject suddenly dropped, at Newgate—A yarn in the law line—With due precautions and preparation, the Domine makes his first voyage—to Gravesend.

It was on the 7th of November, if I recollect rightly, that Fleming and Marables were called up to trial at the Old Bailey, and I was in the court, with Mr. Drummond and the Domine, soon after ten o'clock. After the judge had taken his seat, as their trial was first on the list, they were ushered in. They were both clean, and well dressed. In Fleming I could perceive little difference: he was pale, but resolute; but when I looked at Marables, I was astonished.

Mr. Drummond did not at first recognize him—he had fallen away from seventeen stone to, at the most, thirteen; his clothes hung loosely about him—his ruddy cheeks had vanished—his nose was become sharp, and his full round face had been changed to an oblong. Still there remained that natural good-humoured expression in his countenance, and the sweet smile played upon his lips. His eyes glanced fearfully round the court—he felt his disgraceful situation—the colour mounted to his temples and forehead, and he then became again pale as a sheet, casting down his eyes, as if desirous to see no more.

After the indictment had been read over, the prisoners were asked by the clerk whether they pleaded guilty or not guilty. “Not guilty,” replied Fleming, in a bold voice. “John Marables—guilty or not guilty?” “Guilty,” replied Marables—“guilty, my lord;” and he covered up his face with his hands.

Fleming was indicted on three counts—an assault, with intent to murder; having stolen goods in his possession; and for a burglary in a

dwelling-house, on such a date ; but I understand that they had nearly twenty more charges against him, had these failed. Marables was indicted for having been an accessory to the last charge, as receiver of stolen goods. The counsel for the crown, who opened the trial, stated that Fleming, *alias* Barkett, *alias* Wenn, with many more *aliases*, had for a long while been at the head of the most notorious gang of thieves which had infested the metropolis for many years ; that justice had long been in search of him, but that he had disappeared, and it had been supposed that he had quitted the kingdom to avoid the penalties of the law, to which he had subjected himself by his enormities. It appeared, however, that he had taken a step which not only blinded the officers of the police, but at the same time had enabled the gang to carry on their depredations with more impunity than ever. He had concealed himself in a lighter on the river, and appearing in her as one diligently performing his duty, and earning his livelihood as an honest man, had by such means been enabled even to extend his

influence, the number of his associates, and his audacious schemes. The principal means of detection in cases of burglary, was by advertising the goods, and the great difficulty on the part of such miscreants was to obtain a ready sale for them—the receivers of stolen goods being aware that the thieves were at their mercy, and must accept what was offered. Now, to obviate these difficulties, Fleming had, as we before observed, concealed himself from justice on board of a river barge, which was made the receptacle for stolen goods. Those which had been nefariously obtained at one place, being by him and his associates carried up and down the river in the craft, and disposed of at a great distance, by which means the goods were never brought to light, so as to enable the police to recognize or trace them. This system had now been carried on with great success for upwards of twelve months, and would, in all probability, have not been discovered even now, had it not been that a quarrel as to profits had taken place, which had induced two of his associates to give information to the officers; and

these two associates had also been permitted to turn king's evidence, in a case of burglary, in which Fleming was a principal, provided that it was considered necessary. But there was a more serious charge against the prisoner, that of having attempted the life of a boy, named Jacob Faithful, belonging to the lighter, and who, it appeared, had suspicions of what was going on, and, in duty to his master, had carefully watched the proceedings, and given notice to others of what he had discovered from time to time. The lad was the chief evidence against the prisoner Fleming, and also against Marables, the other prisoner, of whom he could only observe, that circumstances would transpire, during the trial, in his favour, which he had no doubt would be well considered by his lordship. He would not detain the gentlemen of the jury any longer, but at once call on his witnesses.

I was then summoned, again asked the same questions as to the nature of an oath, and the judge being satisfied with my replies, I gave my evidence as before; the judge, as I perceived, carefully examining my previous depo-

sition, to ascertain if any thing I now said was at variance with my former assertions. I was then cross-examined by the counsel for Fleming, but he could not make me vary in my evidence. I did, however, take the opportunity, whenever I could, of saying all I could in favour of Marables. At last, the counsel said he would ask me no more questions. I was dismissed, and the police-officer who had picked me up, and other parties who identified the various property as their own, and the manner in which they had been robbed of it, were examined. The evidence was too clear to admit of doubt. The jury immediately returned a verdict of guilty against Fleming and Marables, but strongly recommended Marables to the mercy of the crown. The judge rose, put on his black cap, and addressed the prisoners as follows. The court was so still, that a pin falling might have been heard.

“ You, William Fleming, have been tried by a jury of your countrymen, upon the charge of receiving stolen goods, to which you have added the more atrocious crime of intended

murder. You have had a fair and impartial trial, and have been found guilty ; and it appears that even had you escaped in this instance, other charges equally heavy, and which would equally consign you to condign punishment, were in readiness to be preferred against you. Your life has been one of guilt, not only in your own person, but also in abetting and stimulating others to crime ; and you have wound up your shameful career by attempting the life of a fellow creature. To hold out to you any hope of mercy is impossible. Your life is justly forfeited to the offended laws of your country, and your sentence is that you be removed from this court to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck till you are dead ; and may God, in his infinite goodness, have mercy on your soul !

“ You, John Marables, have pleaded guilty to the charges brought against you ; and it has appeared, during the evidence brought out on the trial, that although you have been a party to these nefarious transactions, you are far

from being hardened in your guilt. [“No, no!” exclaimed Marables.] I believe sincerely that you are not, and much regret that one who, from the evidence brought forward, appears to have been, previously to this unfortunate connexion, an honest man, should now appear in so disgraceful a situation. A severe punishment is however demanded by the voice of justice, and by that sentence of the law you must now be condemned; at the same time I trust that an appeal to the mercy of your sovereign will not be made in vain.”

The judge then passed the sentence upon Marables, the prisoners were led out of court, and a new trial commenced; while Mr. Drummond and the Domine conducted me home. About a week after the trial, Fleming suffered the penalty of the law; while Marables was sentenced to transportation for life, which, however, previous to his sailing, was commuted to seven years.

In a few days, the lighter returned. Her arrival was announced to me, one fine, sunny morning, as I lay in bed, by a voice, whose well-

known notes poured into my ear, as I was half dozing on my pillow.

“Bright are the beams of the morning sky,
And sweet the dew the red blossoms sip,
But brighter the glances of dear woman’s eye---

“Tom, you monkey, belay the warp, and throw the fenders over the side. Be smart, or old Fuzzle will be growling about his red paint.

“And sweet is the dew on her lip.”

I jumped out of my little crib, threw open the window, the panes of which were crystalized with the frost in the form of little trees, and beheld the lighter just made fast to the wharf, the sun shining brightly, old Tom’s face as cheerful as the morn, and young Tom laughing, jumping about, and blowing his fingers. I was soon dressed, and shaking hands with my bargemates.

“Well, Jacob, how do you like the Old Bailey? Never was in it but once in my life, and never mean to go again if I can help it;

that was, when Sam Bowles was tried for his life, but my evidence saved him. I'll tell you how it was. Tom, look a'ter the breakfast ; a bowl of tea this cold morning will be worth having. Come, jump about."

" But I never heard the story of Sam Bowles," answered Tom.

" What's that to you ? I'm telling it to Jacob."

" But I want to hear it—so go on, father. I'll start you. Well, d'ye see, Sam Bowles—"

" Master Tom, them as play with *bowls* may meet with *rubbers*. Take care I don't *rub* down your hide. Off, you thief, and get breakfast."

" No, I won't ; if I don't have your *Bowles*, you shall have no *bowls* of tea. I've made my mind up to that."

" I tell you what, Tom, I shall never get any good out of you, until I have both your legs amputated. I've a great mind to send for the farrier."

" Thanky, father ; but I find them very useful."

“ Well,” said I, “ suppose we put off the story till breakfast time, and I’ll go and help Tom to get it ready.”

“ Be it so, Jacob. I suppose Tom must have his way, as I spoilt him myself. I made him so fond of yarns, so I was a fool to be vexed.

“ Oh! life is a river and man is the boat,
That over its surface is destined to float,
And joy is a cargo so easily stored,
That he is a fool who takes sorrow on board.

“ Now I’ll go on shore to master, and find out what’s to be done next. Give me my stick, boy, and I shall crawl over the planks a little safer. A safe stool must have three legs, you know.”

Old Tom then stumped away on shore. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, bringing half-a-dozen red herrings. “ Here, Tom, grill these sodgers. Jacob, who is that tall old chap, with such a devil of a cutwater, that I met just now with master? We are bound for Sheerness this trip, and I’m to land him at Greenwich.”

“What, the Domine?” replied I, from old Tom’s description.

“His name did begin with a D, but that wasn’t it.”

“Dobbs?”

“Yes, that’s nearer ; he’s to be a passenger on board of us, going down to see a friend who’s very ill. Now, Tom, my hearty, bring out the crockery, for I want a little inside lining.”

We all sat down to our breakfast, and as soon as old Tom had finished, his son called for the history of Sam Bowles.

“Well, now you shall have it. Sam Bowles was a shipmate of mine on board of the Greenlandman ; he was one of our best harpooners, and a good, quiet, honest messmate, as ever slung a hammock. He was spliced to as pretty a piece of flesh as ever was seen, but she wasn’t as good as she was pretty. We were fitting out for another voyage, and his wife had been living on board with him some weeks, for Sam was devilish spoony on her, and couldn’t bear her to be out of his sight. As we ’spected to sail in a few days, we were filling up our com-

plement of men, and fresh hands came on board every day.

“ One morning, a fine tall fellow, with a tail as thick as a hawser, came on board and offered himself; he was taken by the skipper, and went on shore again to get his traps. While he was still on deck I went below, and seeing Sam with his little wife on his knee playing with his love-locks, I said that there was a famous stout and good-looking fellow that we should have as a shipmate. Sam’s wife, who, like all women, was a little curious, put her head up the hatchway to look at him. She put it down again very quick, as I thought, and made some excuse to go forward in the eyes of her, where she remained some time, and then, when she came aft, told Sam that she would go on shore. Now, as it had been agreed that she should remain on board till we were clear of the river, Sam couldn’t think what the matter was; but she was positive, and go away she did, very much to Sam’s astonishment and anger. In the evening, Sam went on shore and found her out, and what d’ye think the little Jezebel told him?—

why, that one of the men had been rude to her when she went forward, and that's why she wouldn't stay on board. Sam was in a devil of a passion at this, and wanted to know which was the man; but she fondled him, and wouldn't tell him, because she was afraid that he'd be hurt. At last she bamboozled him, and sent him on board again quite content. Well, we remained three days longer, and then dropped down the river to Greenwich, where the captain was to come on board, and we were to sail as soon as the wind was fair. Now, this fine tall fellow was with us when we dropped down the river, and as Sam was sitting down on his chest eating a basin o' soup, the other man takes out a 'baccy pouch of seal-skin—it was a very curious one, made out of the white and spotted part of a young seal's belly. 'I say, shipmate,' cries Sam, 'hand me over my 'baccy pouch. Where did you pick it up?'

“ ‘Your pouch,’ says he to him, ‘I killed the seal, and my fancy girl made the pouch for me.’

“ ‘Well, if that ar'n't cool! you'd swear a

man out of his life, mate. 'Tom,' says he to me, 'ar'n't that my pouch which my wife gave me when I came back last trip?'

"I looked at it, and knew it again, and said it was. The tall fellow denied it, and there was a devil of a bobbery. Sam called him a thief, and he pitched Sam right down the main hatchway among the casks. After that there was a regular set-to, and Sam was knocked all to shivers, and obliged to give in. When the fight was over, I took up Sam's shirt for him to put on. 'That's my shirt,' cried the tall fellow.

"That's Sam's shirt,' replied I, 'I know it's his.'

"'I tell you it's mine,' replied the man, 'my lass gave it to me to put on when I got up this morning. The other is his shirt.'

"We looked at the other, and they both were Sam's shirts. Now when Sam heard this, he put two and two together, and became very jealous and uneasy: he thought it odd that his wife was so anxious to leave the ship when this tall fellow came on board; and what with the

pouch and the shirt, he was puzzled. His wife had promised to come down to Greenwich and see him off. When we anchored, some of the men went on shore—among others the tall fellow. Sam, whose head was swelled up like a pumpkin, told one of his shipmates to say to his wife that he could not come on shore, and that she must come off to him. Well, it was about nine o'clock, dark, and all the stars were twinkling, when Sam says to me, 'Tom, let's go on shore, my black eyes can't be seen in the dark.' As we hauled up the boat, the second mate told Sam to take his harpoon iron on shore for him, to have the hole for the becket punched larger. Away we went, and the first place of course that Sam went to, was the house where he knew that his wife put up at, as before. He went up-stairs to her room, and I followed him. The door was not made fast, and in we went. There was his little devil of a wife, fast asleep in the arms of the tall fellow. Sam couldn't command his rage, and having the harpoon iron in his hand, he drove it right through the tall fellow's body, before I could

prevent him. It was a dreadful sight: the man groaned, and his head fell over the side of the bed. Sam's wife screamed, and made Sam more wroth by throwing herself on the man's body, and weeping over it. Sam would have pulled out the iron to run her through with, but that was impossible. The noise brought up the people of the house, and it was soon known that murder had been committed. The constables came, Sam was thrown into prison, and I went on board and told the whole story. Well, we were just about to heave up, for we had shipped two more men in place of Sam, who was to be tried for his life, and the poor fellow he had killed, when a lawyer chap came on board with what they call a *suppeny* for me; all I know is, that the lawyer pressed me into his service, and I lost my voyage. I was taken on shore, and well fed till the trial came on. Poor Sam was at the bar for murder. The gentleman in his gown and wig began his yarn, stating how the late fellow, whose name was Will Errol, was with his own wife when Sam harpooned him.

“ ‘That’s a lie!’ cried Sam,* ‘he was with my wife.’

“ ‘My lord,’ said the lawyer, ‘that is not the case; it was his own wife, and here are the marriage certificates.’

“ ‘False papers!’ roared Sam. ‘Here are mine,’ and he pulled out his tin case, and handed them to the court.

“ The judge said that this was not the way to try people, and that Sam must hold his tongue; so the trial went on, and at first they had it all their own way. Then our turn came, and I was called up to prove what had passed, and I stated how the man was with Sam’s wife, and how he, having the harpoon iron in his hand, had run it through his body. Then they compared the certificates, and it was proved that the little Jezebel had married them both; but she had married Sam first, so he had most right to her; but fancying the other man a’terwards, she thought she might as well have two strings to her bow. So the judge declared that she was Sam’s wife, and that any man, even without the harpoon in his hand, would be

justified in killing a man whom he found in bed with his own wife. So Sam went scot free; but the judge wouldn't let off Sam's wife, as she had caused murder by her wicked conduct: he tried her a'terwards for *biggery*, as they call it, and sent her over the water for life. Sam never held up his head a'terwards; what with having killed an innocent man, and the 'haviour of his wife, he was always down. He went out to the fishery, and a whale cut the boat in two with her tail; Sam was stunned, and went down like a stone. So you see the mischief brought about by this little Jezebel, who must have two husbands, and be d——d to her."

"Well, that's a good yarn, father," said Tom, as soon as it was finished. "I was right in saying I would hear it. Wasn't I?"

"No," replied old Tom, putting out his large hand, and seizing his son by the collar; "and now you've put me in mind of it, I'll pay you off for old scores."

"Lord love you, father, you don't owe me any thing," said Tom.

"Yes, I do; and now I'll give you a receipt in full."

“O Lord! they’ll be drowned,” screamed Tom, holding up both his hands with every symptom of terror.

Old Tom turned short round to look in the direction, letting go his hold. Tom made his escape, and burst out a laughing. I laughed also, and so at last did his father.

I went on shore, and found that old Tom’s report was correct—the Domine was at breakfast with Mr. Drummond. The new usher had charge of the boys, and the governors had allowed him a fortnight’s holiday to visit an old friend at Greenwich. To save expense, as well as to indulge his curiosity, the old man had obtained a passage down in the lighter. “Never yet, Jacob, have I put my feet into that which floateth on the watery element,” observed he to me: “nor would I now, but that it saveth money, which thou knowest well is with me not plentiful. Many dangers I expect, many perils shall I encounter, such have I read of in books, and well might Horace exclaim—‘*Ille robur et æs triplex*,’ with reference to the first man who ventured afloat. Still doth Mr. Drummond assure me that the lighter is of that strength as

to be able to resist the force of the winds and waves; and confiding in Providence, I intend to venture, Jacob, '*te duce.*' "

"Nay, sir," replied I, laughing at the idea which the Domine appeared to have formed of the dangers of river navigation, "old Tom is the *Dux.*"

"Old Tom, where have I seen that name? Now I do recall to mind that I have seen the same painted in large letters upon a cask at the tavern bar of the inn at Brentford; but what it did intend to signify, I did not inquire. What connexion is there?"

"None," replied I; "but I rather think they are very good friends. The tide turns in half an hour, sir, are you ready to go on board?"

"Truly am I, and well prepared, having my habiliments in a bundle, my umbrella and my great coat, as well as my spencer for general wear. But where I am to sleep hath not yet been made known to me. Peradventure one sleepeth not—'*tantum in periculo.*' "

"Yes, sir, we do. You shall have my berth, and I'll turn in with young 'Tom.' "

“Hast thou then a young Tom as well as an old Tom on board?”

“Yes, sir, and a dog also of the name of Tommy.”

“Well, then, we will embark, and thou shalt make me known to this triad of Thomases. ‘*Inde Tomos dictus locus est.*’ (Cluck, cluck.) Ovid, I thank thee.”

CHAPTER XI.

Much learning afloat—Young Tom is very lively upon the dead languages—The Domine, after experiencing the wonders of the mighty deep, prepares to revel upon lobsouse—Though the man of learning gets many songs and some yarns from old Tom, he loses the best part of a tale, without knowing it.

THE old Domine's bundle and other paraphernalia being sent on board, he took farewell of Mr. Drummond and his family in so serious a manner, that I was convinced that he considered he was about to enter upon a dangerous adventure, and then I led him down to the wharf where the lighter laid alongside. It was with some trepidation that he crossed the plank, and got on board, when he recovered himself and looked round.

“ My sarvice to you, old gentleman,” said a voice behind the Domine. It was that of old Tom, who had just come from the cabin. The Domine turned round and perceived old Tom.

“ This is old Tom, sir,” said I to the Domine, who stared with astonishment.

“ Art thou indeed ? Jacob, thou didst not tell me that he had been curtailed of his fair proportions, and I was surprised. Art thou then Dux ?” continued the Domine, addressing old Tom.

“ Yes,” interrupted young Tom, who had come from forward, “ he is *ducks*, because he waddles on his short stumps ; and I wont say who be goose. Eh, father ?”

“ Take care you don’t *buy* goose, for your imperance, sir,” cried old Tom.

“ A forward boy,” exclaimed the Domine.

“ Yes,” replied Tom, “ I’m generally forward.”

“ Art thou forward in thy learning ? Canst thou tell me Latin for goose ?”

“ To be sure,” replied Tom ; “ Brandy.”

“Brandy!” exclaimed the Domine. “Nay, child, it is *anser*.”

“Then I was right,” replied Tom. “You had your *answer*!”

“The boy is apt.” (*Cluck, cluck.*)

“He is apt to be devilish saucy, old gentleman; but never mind that, there’s no harm in him.”

“This, then, is young Tom, I presume, Jacob,” said the Domine, referring to me.

“Yes, sir,” replied I. “You have seen old Tom, and young Tom, and you have only to see Tommy.”

“Want to see Tommy, sir?” cried Tom. “Here, Tommy, Tommy!”

But Tommy, who was rather busy with a bone forward, did not immediately answer to his call, and the Domine turned round to survey the river. The scene was busy, barges and boats passing in every direction, others lying on shore, with waggons taking out the coals and other cargoes, men at work, shouting or laughing with each other. “‘*Populus in fluviiis*,’ as Virgil hath it. Grand indeed is the vast river.

‘Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum, as the generations of men are swept into eternity,” said the Domine, musing aloud. But Tommy had now made his appearance, and Tom, in his mischief, had laid hold of the tail of the Domine’s coat, and shown it to the dog. The dog, accustomed to seize a rope when it was shown to him, immediately seized the Domine’s coat, making three desperate tugs at it. The Domine, who was in one of his reveries, and probably thought it was I, who wished to direct his attention elsewhere, each time waved his hand, without turning round, as much as to say—“I am busy now.”

“Haul and hold,” cried Tom to the dog, splitting his sides, and the tears running down his cheeks with laughing. Tommy made one more desperate tug, carrying away one tail of the Domine’s coat ; but the Domine perceived it not, he was still “*in nubibus*,” while the dog galloped forward with the fragment, and Tom chased him to recover it. The Domine continued in his reverie, when old Tom burst out—

“O England, dear England, bright gem of the ocean,
Thy valleys and meads look fertile and gay,
The heart clings to thee with a sacred devotion,
And memory adores when in far lands away.”

The song gradually called the Domine to his recollection ; indeed, the strain was so beautiful, that it would have vibrated in the ears of a dying man. The Domine gradually turned round, and when old Tom had finished, exclaimed, “Truly it did delight mine ear, and from such—— and,” continued the Domine, looking down upon old Tom——“without legs too !”

“Why, old gentleman, I don’t sing with my *legs*,” answered old Tom.

“Nay, good *Dux*, I am not so deficient as not to be aware that a man singeth from the mouth, yet is thy voice mellifluous, sweet as the honey of Hybla, strong——”

“As the Latin for goose,” finished Tom. “Come, father, old *Dictionary* is in the doldrums ; rouse him up with another stave.”

“I’ll rouse you up with the stave of a cask over your shoulders, Mr. Tom. What have

you done with the old gentleman's swallow tail?"

"Leave me to settle that affair, father, I know how to get out of a scrape."

"So you ought, you scamp, considering how many you get into; but the craft are swinging and heaving up. Forward there, Jacob, and sway up the mast; there's Tom and Tommy to help you."

The mast was hoisted up, the sail set, and the lighter in the stream, before the Domine was out of his reverie.

"Are there whirlpools here?" said the Domine, talking more to himself than to those about him.

"Whirlpools," replied young Tom, who was watching and mocking him, "yes, that there are, under the bridges. I've watched a dozen *chips* go down one after the other."

"A dozen *ships*!" exclaimed the Domine, turning to Tom; "and every soul lost?"

"Never saw them afterwards," replied Tom in a mournful voice.

"How little did I dream of the dangers of

those so near me," said the Domine, turning away, and communing with himself. " 'Those who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters ;'—'*Et vastas aperit Syrtes ;*'—'These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.' '*Alternante vorans vasta Charybdis aqua.*'—'For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof.'—'*Surgens a puppi ventus.*—'*Ubi tempestas et cæli mobilis humor.*'—'They are carried up to the heavens, and down again to the deep.'—'*Gurgitibus miris et lactis vertice torrens.*'—'Their soul melteth away because of their trouble.'—'*Stant pavidæ. Omnibus ignotæ mortis timor, omnibus hostem.*'—'They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man.' "

"So they do, father, don't they, sometimes?" observed Tom, leering his eye at his father. "That's all I've understood of his speech."

"They are at their wit's end," continued the Domine.

"Mind the end of your wit, master Tom," answered his father, wroth at the insinuation

“‘So when they call upon the Lord in their trouble’—‘*Cujus jurare timent et fallere nomen*’—‘He delivereth them out of their distress, for he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still;’ yea, still and smooth as the peaceful water which now floweth rapidly by our anchored vessel—yet it appeareth to me that the scene hath changed. These fields met not mine eye before. ‘*Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis.*’ Surely we have moved from the wharf——” and the Domine turned round, and discovered, for the first time, that we were more than a mile from the place at which he had embarked.

“Pray, sir, what’s the use of speech, sir?” interrogated Tom, who had been listening to the whole of the Domine’s long soliloquy.

“Thou askest a foolish question, boy. We are endowed with the power of speech to enable us to communicate our ideas.”

“That’s exactly what I thought, sir. Then pray what’s the use of your talking all that gibberish, that none of us could understand.”

“I crave thy pardon, child; I spoke, I presume, in the dead languages.”

“If they’re dead, why not let them rest in their graves?”

“Good: thou hast wit. (*Cluck, cluck.*) Yet, child, know that it is pleasant to commune with the dead.”

“Is it? then we’ll put you on shore at Battersea churchyard.”

“Silence, Tom. He’s full of his sauce, sir, —you must forgive it.”

“Nay, it pleaseth me to hear him talk; but it would please me more to hear thee sing.”

“Then here goes, sir, to drown Tom’s impudence.

“Glide on, my bark, the morning tide
Is gently flowing by thy side;
Around thy prow the waters bright,
In circling rounds of broken light,
Are glittering, as if ocean gave
Her countless gems unto the wave. .

“That’s a pretty air, and I first heard it sung by a pretty woman; but that’s all I know of the song. She sang another—

“I’d be a butterfly, born in a bower.”

“You’d be a butterfly,” said the Domine, taking old Tom literally, and looking at his person.

Young Tom roared, “Yes, sir, he’d be a butterfly, and I don’t see why he shouldn’t very soon. His legs are gone, and his wings arn’t come ; so he’s a grub now, and that, you know, is the next thing to it. What a funny old beggar it is, father—arn’t it ?”

“Tom, Tom, go forward, sir ; we must shoot the bridge.”

“Shoot !” exclaimed the Domine ; “shoot what ?”

“You arn’t afraid of fire-arms, are ye, sir ?” inquired Tom.

“Nay, I said not that I was afraid of fire-arms ; but why should you shoot ?”

“We never could get on without it, sir ; we shall have plenty of shooting, by-and-by. You don’t know this river.”

“Indeed, I thought not of such doings ; or

that there were other dangers besides that of the deep waters."

"Go forward, Tom, and don't be playing with your betters," cried old Tom. "Never mind him, sir, he's only humbugging you."

"Explain, Jacob. The language of both old Tom and young Tom are to me as incomprehensible as would be that of the dog Tommy."

"Or as your Latin is to them, sir."

"True, Jacob, true. I have no right to complain; nay, I do not complain, for I am amused, although at times much puzzled."

We now shot Putney bridge, and as a wherry passed us, old Tom carolled out—

"Did you never hear tell of a jolly young waterman?"

"No, I never did," said the Domine, observing old Tom's eyes directed toward him. Tom, amused by this *naïveté* on the part of the Domine, touched him by the sleeve on the other side, and commenced with his treble.

"Did you ne'er hear a tale
Of a maid in the vale?"

“Not that I can recollect, my child,” replied the Domine.

“Then where have you been all your life?”

“My life has been employed, my lad, in teaching the young idea how to shoot.”

“So, you’re an old soldier after all, and afraid of fire-arms. Why don’t you hold yourself up? I suppose it’s that enormous jib of yours that brings you down by the head.”

“Tom, Tom, I’ll cut you into pork pieces, if you go on that gait. Go and get dinner under weigh, you scamp, and leave the gentleman alone. Here’s more wind coming.

“A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.”

“Jacob,” said the Domine, “I have heard by the mouth of Rumour, with her hundred tongues, how careless and indifferent are sailors

unto danger ; but I never could have believed that such lightness of heart could have been shown. Yon man, although certainly not in years, yet, what is he?—a remnant of a man resting upon unnatural and ill-proportioned support. Yon lad, who is yet but a child, appears as blithe and merry as if he were in possession of all this world can afford. I have an affection for that bold child, and would fain teach him the rudiments, at least, of the Latin tongue.”

“ I doubt if Tom would ever learn them, sir. He has a will of his own.”

“ It grieveth me to hear thee say so, for he lacketh not talent, but instruction ; and the Dux, he pleaseth me mightily—a second Pali-nurus. Yet how that a man could venture to embark upon an element, to struggle through the horrors of which must occasionally demand the utmost exertion of every limb, with the want of the two most necessary for his safety, is to me quite incomprehensible.”

“ He can keep his legs, sir.”

“ Nay, Jacob, how can he *keep* what are *already gone* ? Even thou speakest strangely

upon the water. I see the dangers that surround us, Jacob, yet am I calm ; I feel that I have not lived a wicked life—*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus*, as Horace truly saith, may venture, even, as I have done, upon the broad expanse of water. What is it that the boy is providing for us ? it hath an inviting smell.”

“Lobscouse, master,” replied old Tom, “and not bad lining either.”

“I recollect no such word—*unde derivatur*, friend ?”

“What’s that, master ?” inquired old Tom.

“It’s Latin for lobscouse, depend upon it, father,” cried Tom, who was stirring up the savoury mess with a large wooden spoon. “He be a *deadly* lively old gentleman, with his dead language. Dinner’s all ready. Are we to let go the anchor, or pipe to dinner first ?”

“We may as well anchor, boys. We have not a quarter of an hour’s more ebb, and the wind is heading us.”

Tom and I went forward, brailed up the mainsail, cleared away and let go the anchor. The lighter swung round rapidly to the stream.

The Domine, who had been in a fit of musing, with his eyes cast upon the forests of masts which we had passed below London bridge, and which were now some way astern of us, of a sudden exclaimed in a loud voice, "*Parce precor ! Periculosum est !*"

The lighter swinging short round to her anchor, had surprised the Domine with the rapid motion of the panorama, and he thought we had fallen in with one of the whirlpools mentioned by Tom. "What has happened, good Dux ? tell me," cried the Domine, to old Tom, with alarm in his countenance.

"Why, master, I'll tell you after my own fashion," replied old Tom, smiling ; and then singing, as he held the Domine by the button of his spenser—

"Now to her berth the craft draws nigh,
With slackened sail, she feels the tide—
'Stand clear the cable !' is the cry—
The anchor's gone, we safely ride.

"And now, master, we'll bail out the lobs-couse. We sha'n't weigh anchor again until to-morrow morning ; the wind's right in our

teeth, and it will blow fresh I'm sartain. Look how the scud's flying; so now we'll have a jolly time of it, and you shall have your allowance of grog on board before you turn in."

"I have before heard of that potation," replied the Domine, sitting down on the coombings of the hatchway, "and fain would taste it."

CHAPTER XII.

Is a chapter of tales in a double sense—The Domine, from the natural effects of his single-heartedness, begins to see double.—A new definition of philosophy, with an episode on jealousy.

WE now took our seats on the deck, round the saucepan, for we did not trouble ourselves with dishes, and the Domine appeared to enjoy the lobscouse very much. In the course of half an hour, all was over; that is to say, we had eaten as much as we wished, and the Newfoundland dog, who, during our repast, laid close by young Tom, flapping the deck with his tail, and snuffing the savoury smell of the compound, had just licked all our plates quite clean, and was

now finishing with his head in the saucepan ; while Tom was busy carrying the crockery into the cabin, and bringing out the bottle and tin pannikins, ready for the promised carouse.

“ There, now, master, there’s a glass o’ grog for you that would float a marling-spike. See if that don’t warm the *cockles* of your old heart.”

“ Aye,” added Tom, “ and set all your *muscles* as taut as weather backstays.”

“ Master Tom, with your leave, I’ll mix your grog for you myself. Hand me back that bottle, you rascal.”

“ Just as you please, father,” replied Tom, handing the bottle ; “ but recollect, none of your *water bewitched*. Only help me as you love me.”

Old Tom mixed a pannikin of grog for Tom, and another for himself. I hardly need say which was the *stiffer* of the two.

“ Well, father, I suppose you think the grog will run short. To be sure, one bottle arn’t too much ’mong four of us.”

“ One bottle, you scamp ! there’s another in the cupboard.”

“Then you must see double already, father.”

Old Tom, who was startled at this news, and who imagined that Tom must have gained possession of the other bottle, jumped up and made for the cupboard, to ascertain whether what Tom asserted was correct. This was what Tom wished: he immediately changed pannikins of grog with his father, and remained quiet.”

“There *is* another bottle, Tom,” said his father, coming out and taking his seat again. “I knew there was. You young rascal, you don’t know how you frightened me,” and old Tom put the pannikin to his lips. “Drowned the miller, by heavens!” said he; “what could I have been about?” ejaculated he, adding more spirits to his mixture.

“I suppose, upon the strength of another bottle in the locker, you are doubling the strength of your grog. Come, father,” and Tom held out his pannikin, “do put a little drop of stuff in mine—it’s seven water grog; and I’m not on the black list.”

“No, no, Tom, your next shall be stronger. Well, master, how do you like your liquor?”

“Verily,” replied the Domine, “it is a pleasant and seducing liquor. Lo and behold! I am at the bottom of my tin utensil.”

“Stop till I fill it up again, old gentleman. I see you are one of the right sort—you know what the song says—

“A plague on those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life’s rubbers,
With nothing but *water to drink*.”

“Water, indeed! the only use of water I know, is to mix your grog with, and float vessels up and down the world. Why was the sea made salt, but to prevent our drinking too much water? Water, indeed!

“A can of good grog, had they swigged it,
’Twould have set them for pleasure agog,
And in spite of the rules
Of the schools,
The old fools,
Would have all of them swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.”

“I’m exactly of your opinion, father,” said Tom, holding out his empty pannikin.

“Always ready for two things, master Tom—grog and mischief; but, however, you shall have one more *dose*.”

“It hath, then, medicinal virtues?” inquired the Domine.

“Aye, that it has, master, more than all the quacking medicines in the world. It cures grief and melancholy, and prevents spirits from becoming low.”

“I doubt that, father,” cried Tom, holding up the bottle; “for the more grog we drink, the more the *spirits become low*.”

Cluck, cluck, came from the thorax of the Domine. “Verily, friend Tom, it appeareth, among other virtues, to sharpen the wits. Proceed, friend Dux, in the medicinal virtues of grog.”

“Well, master, it cures love when it’s not returned, and adds to it when it is. I’ve heard say it will cure jealousy; but that I’ve my doubts of. Now I think on it, I will tell you a yarn about a jealous match between a couple of fools. Jacob, ar’n’t your pannikin empty, my boy?”

“ Yes,” replied I, handing it up to be filled. It was empty, for, not being very fond of it myself, Tom, with my permission, had drunk it as well as his own.

“ There, Jacob, is a good dose for you—you ar’n’t always craving after it, like Tom.”

“ He isn’t troubled with low spirits as I am, father.”

“ How long has that been your complaint, Tom?” inquired I.

“ Ever since I heard how to cure it. Come, father, give us the yarn.”

“ Well, then, you must mind that an old shipmate o’ mine, Ben Leader, had a wife named Poll, a pretty sort of craft in her way, neat in her rigging, swelling bows, taking sort of figure-head, and devilish well-rounded in the counter; altogether, she was a very fancy girl, and all the men were a’ter her. She’d a roguish eye, and liked to be stared at, as most pretty women do, because it flatters their vanities. Now, although she liked to be noticed so far by the other chaps, yet Ben was the only one she ever wished to be handled by—it was ‘ Paws off,

Pompey,' with all the rest. Ben Leader was a good-looking, active, smart chap, and could foot it in a reel, or take a bout at single-stick with the very best o' them ; and she was mortal fond of him, and mortal jealous if he talked to any other woman, for the women liked Ben as much as the men liked she. Well, as they returned love for love, so did they return jealousy for jealousy ; and the lads and lasses, seeing that, had a pleasure in making them come to a misunderstanding. So every day it became worse and worse between them. Now I always says that it's a stupid thing to be jealous, 'cause if there be *cause*, there be no *cause* for love ; and if there be no *cause*, there be no *cause* for jealousy."

" You're like a row in a rookery, father—nothing but *caws*," interrupted Tom.

" Well, I suppose I am, but that's what I call chop logic—ar'n't it, master ?"

" It was a syllogism," replied the Domine, taking the pannikin from his mouth.

" I don't know what that is, nor do I want to know," replied old Tom ; " so I'll just go on

with my story. Well, at last they came to downright fighting. Ben licks Poll 'cause she talked and laughed with other men, and Poll cries and whines all day 'cause he won't sit on her knee, instead of going on board and 'tending to his duty. Well, one night, a'ter work was over, Ben goes on shore to the house where he and Poll used to sleep; and when he sees the girl in the bar, he says, 'Where is Poll?' Now the girl at the bar was a fresh-comer, and answers, 'What girl?' So Ben describes her, and the bar-girl answers, 'She be just gone to bed, with her husband, I suppose;' for, you see, there was a woman like her who had gone up to her bed, sure enough. When Ben heard that, he gives his trowsers one hitch, and calls for a quartern, drinks it off with a sigh, and leaves the house, believing it all to be true. A'ter Ben was gone, Poll makes her appearance, and when she finds Ben wasn't in the tap, says, 'Young woman, did a man go up stairs just now?' 'Yes,' replied the bar-girl, 'with his wife, I suppose; they be turned in this quarter of an hour.' When Poll hears this, she almost

turned mad with rage, and then as white as a sheet, and then she burst into tears and runs out of the house, crying out, ‘ Poor misfortunate creature that I am!’ knocking every thing down undersized, and running into the arms of every man who came athwart her hawse.”

“ I understood him but just now, that she was running on foot, yet doth he talk about her *horse*. Expound, Jacob.”

“ It was a nautical figure of speech, sir.”

“ Exactly,” rejoined Tom; “ it meant her figure-head, old gentleman; but my yarn won’t cut a figure, if I’m brought up all standing in this way. Suppose, master, you hear the story first, and understand it afterwards.”

“ I will endeavour to comprehend by the context,” replied the Domine.

“ That is, I suppose, that you ’ll allow me to stick to my text. Well, then, here’s coil away again. Ben, you see, what with his jealousy, and what with a whole quartern at a draught, became *somehow nohow*, and he walked down to the jetty with the intention of getting rid of himself, and his wife, and all his troubles, by

giving his soul back to his Creator, and his body to the fishes."

"Bad philosophy," quoth the Domine.

"I agree with you, master," replied old Tom.

"Pray what sort of a thing is philosophy?" inquired Tom.

"Philosophy," replied old Tom, "is either hanging, drowning, shooting yourself, or, in short, getting out of the world without help."

"Nay," replied the Domine, "that is *felo de se*."

"Well, I pronounce it quicker than you, master; but it's one and the same thing: but to go on. While Ben was standing on the jetty, thinking whether he should take one more quid of backey afore he dived, who should come down but Poll, with her hair all adrift, streaming and coach-whipping astarn of her, with the same intention as Ben—to commit *philo-zoffy*. Ben, who was standing at the edge of the jetty, his eyes fixed upon the water, as it eddyed among the piles, looking as dismal as if he had swallowed a hearse and six, with the funeral feathers hanging out of his mouth——"

"A bold comparison," murmured the Domine.

"Never sees her; and she was so busy with herself, that although close to him, she never sees he--always remembering that the night was dark. So Poll turns her eyes up, for all the world like a dying jackdaw."

"Tell me, friend Dux," interrupted the Domine, "doth a jackdaw die in any peculiar way?"

"Yes," replied young Tom; "he always dies black, master."

"Then doth he die as he liveth. (*Cluck, cluck.*) Proceed, good Dux."

"And don't you break the thread of my yarn any more, master, if you wish to hear the end on it. So Poll begins to blubber about Ben. 'O Ben, Ben,' cried she; 'cruel, cruel man; for to come—for to go; for to go—for to come!'

"'Who's there,' shouted Ben.

"'For to come—for to go,' cried Poll.

"'Ship ahoy!' hailed Ben, again.

"'For to go—for to come,' blubbered Poll; and then she couldn't bring out any thing more

for sobbing. With that, Ben, who thought he knew the voice, walks up to her, and says, 'Be that you, Poll?'

" 'Be that you, Ben?' replied Poll, taking her hands from her face, and looking at him.

" 'I thought you were in bed with—with—oh! Poll!' said Ben.

" 'And I thought you were in bed with—with—oh! Ben!' replied Poll.

" 'But I wasn't, Poll.'

" 'Nor more warn't I, Ben.'

" 'And what brought you here, Poll?'

" 'I wanted for to die, Ben. And what brought you here, Ben?'

" 'I didn't want for to live, Poll, when I thought you false.'

" 'Then Polly might have answered in the words of the old song, master; but her poor heart was too full, I suppose.' And Tom sang,

" 'Your Polly has never been false, she declares,
Since last time we parted at Wapping old stairs.'

" 'Howsomever, in the next minute they were both hugging and kissing, sobbing, shivering,

and shaking in each other's arms; and as soon as they had settled themselves a little, back they went, arm in arm to the house, had a good stiff glass to prevent their taking the rheumatism, went to bed, and were cured of the jealousy ever afterwards—which, in my opinion, was a much better *phillo-zoffy* than the one they had both been bound on. There, I've wound it all off at last, master, and now we'll fill up our pannikins."

"Before I consent, friend Dux, pr'ythee inform me how much of this pleasant liquor may be taken without inebriating, *vulgo*, getting tipsy."

"Father can drink enough to float a jolly-boat, master," replied Tom; "so you needn't fear. I'll drink pan for pan with you, all night long."

"Indeed you won't, mister Tom," replied the father.

"But I will, master."

I perceived that the liquor had already had some effect upon my worthy pedagogue, and was not willing that he should be persuaded into excess. I therefore pulled him by the coat

as a hint, but he was again deep in thought, and he did not heed me. Tired of sitting so long, I got up, and walked forward to look at the cable.

“Strange,” muttered the Domine, “that Jacob should thus pull me by the garment. What could he mean?”

“Did he pull you, sir,” inquired Tom.

“Yea, many times; and then he walked away.”

“It appears that you have been pulled too much, sir,” replied Tom, dexterously appearing to pick up the tail of his coat, which had been torn off by the dog, and handing it to him.

“*Eheu ! Jacobe—fili dilectissime—quid fecisti?*” cried the Domine, holding up the fragment of his coat with a look of despair.

“‘A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together,’” sang out old Tom: and then looking at Tom, “now ar’n’t you a pretty rascal, master Tom?”

“It is done,” exclaimed the Domine, with a sigh, putting the fragment into the remaining pocket; “and it cannot be undone.”

“ Now, I think it is undone, and can be done, master,” replied Tom. “ A needle and thread will soon join the pieces of your old coat again—in *holy* matrimony, I may safely say—”

“ True. (*Cluck, cluck.*) My housekeeper will restore it, yet will she be wroth. ‘ *Fœminæ curæque iræque;*’ but let us think no more about it,” cried the Domine, drinking deeply from his pannikin, and each minute verging fast to intoxication. “ *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.* I feel as if I were lifted up, and could dance, yea, and could exalt my voice and sing.”

“ Could you, my jolly old master? then we’ll both dance and sing.

“ Come let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes’ bells shall ring,
Mars scrapes the fiddle string,
While Venus plays the lute.
Hymen gay, trips away,
Jocund at the wedding day.

“ Now for chorus.

“ Come let us dance and sing.”

CHAPTER XIII.

The “fun grows fast and furious”—The pedagogue does not scan correctly, and his feet become very unequal---An allegorical compliment almost worked up into a literal quarrel---At length, the mighty are laid low, and the Domine hurts his nose.

I HEARD Tom’s treble, and a croaking noise, which I recognized to proceed from the Domine, who had joined the chorus; and I went aft, if possible, to prevent further excess; but I found that the grog had mounted into the Domine’s head, and all my hints were disregarded. Tom was despatched for the other bottle, and the Domine’s pannikin was replenished, old Tom roaring out—

“Come, sling the flowing bowl ;
Fond hopes arise,
The girls we prize,
Shall bless each jovial soul ;
The can, boys, bring,
We’ll danced and sing,
While foaming billows roll.

“Now for the chorus again.

“Come, sling the flowing bowl, &c.

“Jacob, why don’t you join ?” The chorus was given by the whole of us. Domine’s voice even louder, though not quite so musical as old Tom’s.

“*Evoé !*” cried the Domine, “*evoé ! cante-
mus.*”

“*Amo amas*—I loved a lass,
For she was tall and slender ;
Amas amat—she laid me flat,
Though of the feminine gender.

“Truly do I forget the songs of my youth, and of my hilarious days ; yet doth the potent spirit work upon me like the god in the Cumean sybil ; and I soon shall prophesy that which shall come to pass.”

“ So can I,” said Tom, giving me a nudge, and laughing.

“ Do thine office of Ganymede, and fill up my pannikin: put not in too much of the element. Once more exalt thy voice, good Dux.”

“ Always ready, master,” cried Tom, who sung out again in praise of his favourite liquor.

“ Smiling grog is the sailor’s best hope, his sheet anchor,

His compass, his cable, his log,

That gives him a heart which life’s cares cannot canker,

Though dangers around him,

Unite to confound him,

He braves them, and tips off his grog.

’Tis grog, only grog

Is his rudder, his compass, his cable, his log,

The sailor’s sheet anchor is grog.”

“ Verily, thou art an Apollo—or rather, referring to thy want of legs, half an Apollo—that is, a *demi-god*. (*Cluck, cluck.*) Sweet is thy lyre, friend Dux.”

“ Fair words, master; I’m no liar,” cried

Tom. "Clap a stopper on your tongue ; or you'll get into disgrace."

"*Ubi lapsus quid feci*," exclaimed the Domine, "I spoke of thy musical tongue ; and, furthermore, I spoke alle—gori—cal—ly."

"I know a man lies with his tongue, as well as you do, old chap ; but as for telling a *hell of a* (something) *lie*, as you states, I say, I never did," rejoined old Tom, who was getting cross in his cups.

I now interfered, as there was every appearance of a fray ; and in spite of young Tom, who wished, as he termed it, to *kick up a shindy*, prevailed upon them to make friends, which they did, shaking hands for nearly five minutes. When this was ended, I again entreated the Domine not to drink any more, but to go to bed.

"*Amice Jacobe*," replied the Domine ; "the liquor hath mounted into thy brain, and thou wouldst rebuke thy master and preceptor. Betake thee to thy couch, and sleep off the effects of thy drink. Verily, Jacob, thou art *plenus Veteris Bacchi* ; or, in plain English, thou art

drunk. Canst thou conjugate, Jacob? I fear not. Canst thou decline, Jacob? I fear not. Canst thou scan, Jacob? I fear not. Nay, Jacob, methinks, that thou art unsteady in thy gait, and not over clear in thy vision. Canst thou hear, Jacob? if so, I will give thee an oration against inebriety, with which thou mayst down on thy pillow. Wilt thou have it in Latin or in Greek?"

"O d—n your Greek and Latin," cried old Tom; "keep that for to-morrow. Sing us a song, my old hearty; or shall I sing you one? here goes."

"For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger's drowned,
We despise it to a man;
We sing a little—"

"Sing a little," bawled the Domine.

"And laugh a little—"

"Laugh a little," chorused young Tom.

"And work a little—"

"Work a little," cried the Domine.

“ And swear a little—”

“ Swear *not* a little,” echoed Tom.

“ And fiddle a little—”

“ Fiddle a little,” hiccupped the Domine.

“ And foot it a little—”

“ Foot it a little,” repeated Tom.

“ And swig the flowing can.

And fiddle a little,

And foot it a little,

And swig the flowing can—”

Roared old Tom, emptying his pannikin.

“ And swig the flowing can—”

Followed the Domine, tossing off his.

“ And swig the flowing can,”

Cried young Tom, turning up his pannikin empty.

“ Hurrah ! that’s what I calls glorious. Let’s have it over again, and then we’ll have another dose. Come, now, all together.” Again was the song repeated; and when they came to “ foot it a little,” old Tom jumped on his

stumps, seizing hold of the Domine, who immediately rose, and the three danced round and round for a minute or two, singing the song and chorus, till old Tom, who was very far gone, tripped against the coombings of the hatchway, pitching his head into the Domine's stomach, who fell backwards, clinging to young Tom's hand; so that they all rolled on the deck together—my worthy preceptor underneath the other two.

“Foot it *rather too much* that time, father,” said young Tom, getting up the first, and laughing. “Come, Jacob, let's put father on his pins again; he can't right without a purchase. With some difficulty we succeeded. As soon as he was on his legs again, old Tom put a hand upon each of our shoulders, and commenced with a drunken leer—

“What though his timbers they are gone,
And he's a slave to tippie,
No better sailor ere was born,
Than Tom, the jovial cripple.

“Thanky, my boys, thanky; now rouse up

the old gentleman. I suspect we knocked the wind out of him. Hollo, there, are you hard and fast?"

"The bricks are hard, and verily my senses are fast departing," quoth the Domine, rousing himself, and sitting up, staring around him.

"Senses going, do you say, master?" cried old Tom. "Don't throw them overboard till we have made a finish. One more pannikin a-piece, one more song, and then to bed. Tom, where's the bottle?"

"Drink no more, sir, I beg; you'll be ill to-morrow," said I to the Domine.

"*Deprone quadrimum*," hiccupped the Domine. "*Carpe diem—quam minimum—credula postero*—Sing, friend Dux—*Quem virum—sumes celebrare—mysis amicus*—Where's my pattypan?—We are not Thracians—*Natis in usum—lætitiæ scyphis pugnare*—(hiccup)—*Thracum est*—therefore we—will not fight—but we will drink—*recepto dulce mihi furere est amico*.—Jacob, thou art drunk—sing, friend Dux,—or shall I sing?—

“ *Propria quæ maribus* had a little dog,
 Quæ genus was his name—

“ My memory faileth me—what was the tune ?”

“ That tune was the one the old cow died of, I’m sure,” replied Tom. “ Come, old nosey, strike up again.”

“ Nosey, from *naso*—truly it is a fair epithet ; and it remindeth me that my nose—suffered in the fall which I received just now. Yet I cannot sing—having no words——”

“ Nor tune either, master,” replied old Tom ;
“ so here goes for you—

“ Young Susan had lovers so many, that she

 Hardly knew upon which to decide ;

 They all spoke sincerely and promised to be

 All worthy of such a sweet bride.

In the morning she’d gossip with William, and then

 The noon would be spent with young Harry,

The evening with Tom ; so, amongst all the men,

 She never could tell which to marry.

 Heigho ! I’m afraid

 Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.”

“ It pleaseth me—it ringeth in mine ears—

yea, most pleasantly. Proceed, the girl was as the Pyrrha of Horace—

“ Quis multa gracilis---te puer in rosa---
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus.
Grato, Pyrrha---sub antro ?”

“ That’s all high Dutch to me, master ; but I’ll go on if I can. My memory box be a little out of order. Let me see—oh !

“ Now William grew jealous, and so went away ;
Harry got tired of wooing ;
And Tom having teased her to fix on the day,
Received but a frown for so doing ;
So ’mongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,
She pined every night on her pillow ;
And meeting one day a pair going to church,
Turn away, and died under a willow.
Heigho ! I’m afraid
Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

“ Now, then, old gentleman, tip off your grog. You’ve got your allowance, as I promised you.”

“ Come, master, you’re a cup too low,” said Tom, who, although in high spirits, was not at

all intoxicated ; indeed, as I afterwards found, he could carry more than his father. “ Come, shall I give you a song ? ”

“ That’s right, Tom ; a volunteer’s worth two pressed men. Open your mouth wide, an’ let your whistle fly away with the gale. You whistles in tune, at all events.”

Tom then struck up, the Domine see-sawing as he sat, and getting very sleepy.

“ Luck in life, or good or bad,
Ne’er could make me melancholy ;
Seldom rich, yet never sad,
Sometimes poor, yet always jolly.
Fortune’s in my scale, that’s poz,
Of mischance put more than half in ;
Yet I don’t know how it was,
I could never cry for laughing—
Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha !
I could never cry for laughing.”

“ Now for chorus, father.

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! ha !
I could never cry for laughing.”

“ That’s all I know ; and that’s enough, for it won’t wake up the old gentleman.”

But it did. “Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha! I could never die for laughing,” bawled out the Domine, feeling for his pannikin; but this was his last effort. He stared round him. “Verily, verily, we are in a whirlpool—how every thing turneth round and round! Who cares? Am not I an ancient mariner—‘*Qui videt mare turgidum—et infames scopulos.*’ Friend Dux, listen to me—*favete linguis.*”

“Well,” hiccupped old Tom, “so I will—but speak—plain English—as I—do.”

“That I’ll be hanged if he does,” said Tom to me. “In half an hour more, I shall understand old Nosey’s Latin just as well as his—plain English, as he calls it.”

“I will discourse in any language—that is—in any tongue—be it in the Greek or the Latin—nay, even—(hiccups)—friend Dux—hast thou not partaken too freely—of—dear me! *Quo me Baeche rapis tui—plenum*—truly I shall be tipsy—and will but finish my pattypan—*dulce periculum est*—Jacob—can there be two Jacobs—and two old Toms—nay—*mirabile dictu*—

there are two young Toms, and two dog Tommies—each with—two tails. *Bacche, parce—precor—precor—*Jacob, where art thou—*Ego sum—tu es—*thou art—*sumus*, we are—where am I? *Procumbit humi bos—*for Bos—read Dobbs—*amo amas—*I loved a lass. *Tityre tu patulæ—sub teg—mine—*nay—I quote wrong—then must I be—I do believe that—I'm drunk.”

“And I'm cock sure of it,” cried Tom, laughing, as the Domine fell back in a state of insensibility.

“And I'm—cock sure,” said old Tom, rolling himself along the deck to the cabin hatch—“that I've as much—as I can stagger—under, at all events—so I'll sing myself to sleep—'cause why—I'm happy. Jacob—mind you keep all the watches to-night—and Tom may keep the rest.” Old Tom then sat up, leaning his back against the cabin hatch, and commenced one of those doleful ditties which are sometimes heard on the forecastle of a man-of-war; he had one or two of these songs that he

always reserved for such occasions. While Tom and I dragged the Domine to bed, old Tom slowly drawled out his ditty—

“O! we sailed to Virgi-ni-a, and thence to Fy-al,
Where we watered our shipping, and so then
weigh-ed all,
Full in view, on the seas---boys---seven sail we
did---es-py,
O! we man-ned our capstern, and weighed
spee-di-ly.

“That’s right, my boys, haul and hold——
Stow the old Dictionary away—for he can’t
command the parts o’ speech.

“The very next morning---the engagement pro-
ved—hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow receiv-ed a chain---
shot,
O when he was wounded, to his merry men---he
---did---say,
Take me up in your arms, boys, and car-ry me
a-way.

“Now, boys, come and help me—Tom—
none of your foolery—for your poor old father
is—drunk——”

We assisted old Tom into the other “bed-place” in the cabin. “Thanky, lads—one little bit more, and then I’m done—as the auctioneer says—going, going—

“O the guns they did rattle, and the bullets—
did---fly,
When brave Benbow---for help loud---did---cry,
Carry me down to the cock-pit---there is ease for
my smarts,
If my merry men should see me---’twill sure---
break---their---hearts.

“Going—old swan-hopper—as I am—going—gone.”

Tom and I were left on deck.

“Now, Jacob, if you’ve a mind to turn in. I’m not sleepy—you shall keep the morning watch.”

“No, Tom, you’d better sleep first. I’ll call you at four o’clock. We can’t weigh till tide serves; and I shall have plenty of sleep before that.”

Tom went to bed, and I walked the deck till the morning, thinking over the events of the day, and wondering what the Domine would

say when he came to his senses. At four o'clock, as agreed, I roused Tom out and turned into his bed, and was soon as fast asleep as old Tom and the Domine, whose responsive snores had rung in my ears during the whole time that I had walked the deck.

CHAPTER XIV.

Cold water and repentance---The two Toms almost moral, and myself full of wise reflections---The chapter, being full of grave saws, is luckily very short ; and though a very *sensible* one, I would not advise it to be skipped.

ABOUT half-past eight the next morning, I was called up by Tom to assist in getting the lighter under weigh. When I came on deck I found old Tom as fresh as if he had not drunk a drop the night before, very busily stumping about the windlass, with which we hove up first the anchor, and then the mast. “ Well, Jacob, my boy, had sleep enough ? Not too much, I dare say ; but a bout like last night don’t come often, Jacob—only once in a way ; now and

then I do believe it's good for my health. It's a great comfort to me, my lad, to have you on board with me, because, as you never drinks, I may now indulge a *little* oftener. As for Tom, can't trust him—too much like his father—had nobody to trust to for the look-out, except the dog Tommy, till you came with us. I can trust Tommy as far as keeping off the river sharks: he'll never let them take a rope-yarn off the deck, night or day; but a dog's but a dog a'ter all. Now we're brought to, so clap on, my boy, and let's heave up with a will."

"How's the old gentleman, father?" said Tom, as we paused a moment from our labour at the windlass.

"Oh! he's got a good deal more to sleep off yet. There he lies, flat on his back, blowing as hard as a grampus. Better leave him as long as we can. We'll rouse him as soon as we turn the Greenwich reach. Tom, didn't you think his nose loomed devilish large yesterday?"

"Never seed such a devil of a cutwater in my life, father."

"Well, then, you'll see a larger when he

gets up, for it's swelled bigger than the brandy bottle. Heave and paul ! Now bring to the fall, and up with the mast, boys, while I goes aft and takes the helm."

Old Tom went aft. During the night the wind had veered to the north, and the frost had set in sharp, the rime covered the deck of the barge, and here and there floating ice was to be seen coming down with the tide. The banks of the river and fields adjacent were white with hoar frost, and would have presented but a cheerless aspect, had not the sun shone out clear and bright. Tom went aft to light the fire, while I coiled away and made all snug forward. Old Tom as usual carolled forth—

“ Oh ! for a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair one cry,
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And white waves beating high,
And white waves beating high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,
The world of waters is our own,
And merry men are we.

“ A nice morning this for cooling a hot head, that's sartain. Tommy, you rascal, you're like

a court lady, with her velvet *gownd*, covered all over with diamonds," continued old Tom, looking at the Newfoundland dog, whose glossy black hair was besprinkled with little icicles, which glittered in the sun. "You and Jacob were the only sensible ones of the party last night, for you both were sober."

"So was I, father. I was as sober as a judge," observed Tom, who was blowing up the fire.

"May be, Tom, as a judge a'ter dinner; but a judge on the bench be one thing, and a judge over a bottle be another, and not bad judges in that way either. At all events, if you warn't *sewed up*, it wasn't your fault."

"And I suppose," replied Tom, "it was only your misfortune that you were."

"No, I don't say that; but still, when I look at the dog, who's but a beast by nature, and thinks of myself who wasn't meant to be a beast, why then I blushes, that's all."

"Jacob, look at father—now, does he blush?" cried Tom.

"I can't say that I perceive it," replied I, smiling.

“ Well, then, if I don’t, it’s the fault of my having no legs. I’m sure when they were knocked off, I lost half the blood in my body, and that’s the reason, I suppose. At all events, I meant to blush, so we’ll take the will for the deed.”

“ But do you mean to keep sober in future, father,” said Tom.

“ Never do you mind that—mind your own business, Mr. Tom. At all events, I sha’n’t get tipsy till next time, and that’s all I can say with safety, ’cause d’ye see, I knows my failing. Jacob, did you ever see that old gentleman sail too close to the wind before ?”

“ I never did—I do not think that he was ever tipsy before last night.”

“ Then I pities him—his headache, and his repentance. Moreover, there be his nose and the swallow tail of his coat to make him unhappy. We shall be down abreast of the Hospital in half an hour. Suppose you go and give him a shake, Jacob. Not you, Tom, I won’t trust you—you’ll be doing him a mischief; you hav’n’t got no fellow feeling, not even for dumb brutes.”

“I’ll thank you not to take away my character that way, father,” replied Tom. “Didn’t I put you to bed last night when you were speechless?”

“Suppose you did—what then?”

“Why, then, I had a feeling for a dumb brute. I only say that, father, for the joke of it, you know,” continued Tom, going up to his father and patting his rough cheek.

“I know that, my boy, you never were unkind, that’s sartain; but you must have your joke—

“Merry thoughts are linked with laughter,

Why should we bury them,

Sighs and tears may come hereafter,

No need to hurry them :

They who through a spying-glass,

View the minutes as they pass,

Make the sun a gloomy mass,

But the fault’s their own, Tom.”

In the meantime I was vainly attempting to rouse the Domine. After many fruitless attempts, I put a large quantity of snuff on his upper lip, and then blew it up his nose. But, merciful powers ! what a nose it had become,

larger than the largest pear that I ever saw in my life. The whole weight of old Tom had fallen on it, and instead of being crushed by the blow, it appeared as if, on the contrary, it had swelled up, indignant at the injury and affront which it had received. The skin was as tight as the parchment of a drum, and shining as if it had been oiled, while the colour was a bright purple. Verily, it was the Domine's nose in a rage.

The snuff had the effect of partially awakening him from his lethargy. "Six o'clock—did you say, Mrs. Bately? Are the boys washed—and in the school-room? I will rise speedily—yet I am o'ercome with much heaviness. *Delapsus Somnus ab —*" and the Domine snored again. I renewed my attempts, and gradually succeeded. The Domine opened his eyes, stared at the deck and carlines above him, then at the cupboard by his side; lastly, he looked at and recognized me. "*Eheu, Jacobe!*—where am I? And what is that which presses upon my brain? What is it so loadeth my cerebellum, even as if it were lead? My memory

—where is it? Let me recall my scattered senses.” Here the Domine was silent for some time. “Ah me; yea, and verily, I do recollect—with pain of head and more pain of heart—that which I would fain forget, which is, that I did forget myself; and indeed have forgotten all that passed the latter portion of the night. Friend Dux hath proved no friend, but hath led me into the wrong path; and as for the potation called *Grog—Eheu, Jacobe!* how have I fallen—fallen in my own opinion—fallen in thine—how can I look thee in the face! O Jacob! what must thou think of him who hath hitherto been thy preceptor and thy guide!” Here the Domine fell back on the pillow, and turned away his head.

“It was not your fault, sir,” replied I, to comfort him; “you were not aware of what you were drinking—you did not know that the liquor was so strong. Old Tom deceived you.”

“Nay, Jacob, I cannot lay that flattering unction to my wounded heart. I ought to have known, nay, now I recall to mind, that thou wouldst have warned me—even to the

pulling off of the tail of my coat—yet I heeded thee not, and I am humbled—even I, the master over seventy boys !”

“Nay, sir, it was not I who pulled off the tail of your coat, it was the dog.”

“Jacob, I have heard of the wonderful sagacity of the canine species, yet could not I ever have believed that a dumb brute would have perceived my folly, and warned me from intoxication. *Mirabile dictu !* Tell me, Jacob, thou who hast profited by these lessons which thy master could give—although he could not follow up his precept by example—tell me, what did take place? Let me know the full extent of my backsliding.”

“You fell fast asleep, sir, and we put you to bed.”

“Who did me that office, Jacob?”

“Young Tom and I, sir ; as for old Tom, he was not in a state to help anybody.”

“I am humbled, Jacob.”

“Nonsense, old gentleman, why make a fuss about nothing?” said old Tom, who, overhearing our conversation, came into the cabin. “You

had a drop too much, that's all, and what o' that? It's a poor heart that never rejoiceth. Rouse a bit, wash your face with cold Thames water, and in half an hour you'll be as fresh as a daisy."

"My head acheth!" exclaimed the Domine, "even as if there were a ball of lead rolling from one temple to the other; but my punishment is just."

"That is the punishment of making too free with the bottle, for sartain; but if it is an offence, then it carries its own punishment, and that's quite sufficient. Every man knows that when the heart's over light at night, that the head's over heavy in the morning. I have known and proved it a thousand times. Well, what then? I puts the good against the bad, and I takes my punishment like a man."

"Friend Dux, for so I will still call thee, thou lookest not at the offence in a moral point of vision."

"What's moral," replied old Tom.

"I would point out that intoxication is sinful."

“Intoxication sinful ! I suppose that means that it’s a sin to get drunk. Now, master, it’s my opinion that as God Almighty has given us good liquor, it was for no other purpose than to drink it ; and therefore it would be ungrateful to him, and a sin not to get drunk, that is, with discretion.”

“How canst thou reconcile getting drunk with discretion, good Dux ?”

“I mean, master, when there’s work to be done, the work should be done ; but when there’s plenty of time, and every thing is safe, and all ready for a start the next morning, I can see no possible objection to a jollification. Come, master, rouse out ; the lighter’s abreast of the Hospital almost by this time, and we must put you on shore.”

The Domine, whose clothes were all on, turned out of his bed-place, and went with us on deck. Young Tom, who was at the helm, as soon as we made our appearance, wished him a good morning very respectfully. Indeed, I always observed that Tom, with all his impudence and waggery, had a great deal of consi-

deration and kindness. He had overheard the Domine's conversation with me, and would not further wound his feelings with a jest. Old Tom resumed his place at the helm, while his son prepared the breakfast, and I drew a bucket of water for the Domine to wash his face and hands. Of his nose, not a word was said ; and the Domine made no remarks to me on the subject, although I am persuaded it must have been very painful, from the comfort he appeared to derive in bathing it with the freezing water. A bowl of tea was a great solace to him, and he had hardly finished it when the lighter was abreast of the Hospital stairs. Tom jumped into the boat and hauled it alongside. I took the other oar, and the Domine shaking hands with old Tom, said, "Thou didst mean kindly, and therefore I wish thee a kind farewell, good Dux."

"God be with you, master," replied old Tom ;
"shall we call for you as we come back ?"

"Nay, nay," replied the Domine, "the travelling by land is more expensive, but less dangerous. I thank thee for thy songs, and——"

for all thy kindness, good Dux. Are my paraphernalia in the boat, Jacob?"

I replied in the affirmative. The Domine stepped in, and we pulled him on shore. He landed, took his bundle and umbrella under his arm, shook hands with Tom and then with me, without speaking, and I perceived the tears start in his eyes as he turned and walked away.

"Well, now," said Tom, looking after the Domine, "I wish I had been drunk instead of he. He does so take it to heart, poor old gentleman!"

"He has lost his self-esteem, Tom," replied I. "It should be a warning to you. Come, get your oar to pass."

"Well, some people be fashioned one way and some another. I've been tipsy more than once, and I never lost any thing but my reason, and that came back as soon as the grog left my head. I can't understand that fretting about having had a glass too much. I only frets when I can't get enough. Well, of all the noses I ever saw, his beats them by chalks; I

did so want to laugh at it, but I knew it would pain him."

"It was very kind of you, Tom, to hold your tongue, and I thank you very much."

"And yet that old dad of mine swears I've got no fellow-feeling, which I consider a very undutiful thing for him to say. What's the reason, Jacob, that sons be always cleverer than their fathers?"

"I didn't know that was the case, Tom."

"But it is so *now*, if it wasn't in *olden time*. The proverb says, 'Young people *think* old people to be fools, but old people *know* young people to be fools.' We must alter that, for I says, 'Old people *think* young people to be fools, but young people *know* old people to be fools.'"

"Have it your own way, Tom, that will do, rowed of all."

We tossed in our oars, made the boat fast, and gained the deck, where old Tom still remained at the helm. "Well," said he, "Jacob, I never thought I should be glad to see the old gentleman clear of the lighter, but I was—

devilish glad ; he was like a load on my conscience this morning ; he was trusted to my charge by Mr. Drummond, and I had no right to persuade him to make a fool of himself. But, however, what's done can't be helped, as you say sometimes ; and it's no use crying ; still it was a pity, for he be, for all the world, like a child. There's a fancy kind of lass in that wherry, crossing our bows ; look at the streamers from her top-gallant bonnet.

“ Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, to me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows,
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul,
Burns the same wherever it goes.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me.”

“ Sec you hanged first, you underpinned old hulk,” replied the female in the boat, which was then close under our bows.

“ Well, that be civil, for sartain,” said old Tom, laughing.

CHAPTER XV.

I am unshipped for a short time, in order to record shipments and engross invoices—Form a new acquaintance, what is called in the world ‘a warm man,’ though he passed the best part of his life among icebergs, and one whole night within the ribs of death—His wife works hard at gentility.

WE arrived at Sheerness the next morning, landed the bricks, which were for the government buildings, and returned in ballast to the wharf. My first inquiry was for the Domine, but he had not yet returned ; and Mr. Drummond further informed me, that he had been obliged to send away his under clerk, and wished me to supply his place until he could procure another. The lighter therefore took in her cargo, and sailed without me, which was of no

consequence, as my apprenticeship still went on. I now lived with Mr. Drummond as one of his own family, and wanted for nothing. His continual kindness to me made me strive all I could to please him by diligence and attention, and I soon became very expert at accounts, and, as he said, very useful. The advantages to me, I hardly need observe, were considerable, and I gained information every day. Still, although I was glad to be of any use to Mr. Drummond, the confinement to the desk was irksome, and I anxiously looked for the arrival of the new clerk to take my place, and leave me free to join the lighter. Mr. Drummond did not appear to me to be in any hurry; indeed, I believe that he would have retained me altogether, had he not perceived that I still wished to be on the river.

“At all events, Jacob, I shall keep you here until you are master of your work; it will be useful to you hereafter,” he said to me one day; “and you do not gain much by sailing up and down the river.”

This was true; and I also derived much

advantage from the evenings spent with Mrs. Drummond, who was a very sensible, good woman, and would make me read aloud to her and little Sarah as they sat at their needle. I had no idea, until I was employed posting up the books, that Mr. Drummond's concern was so extensive, or that there was so much capital employed in the business. The Domine returned a few days after my arrival. When we met, his nose had resumed its former appearance, and he never brought up the subject of the evening on board of the lighter. I saw him frequently, mostly on Sundays after I had been to church with the family; and half an hour, at least, was certain to be dedicated to our reading together one of the classics.

As I was on shore several months, I became acquainted with many families, one or two of which were worth noticing. Among the foremost was Captain Turnbull, at least such was his appellation until within the last two months previous to my making his acquaintance, when Mrs. Turnbull sent out his cards, *George Turnbull, Esq.* The history of Captain Turnbull

was as follows. He had, with his twin brother, been hung up at the knocker, and afterwards had been educated at the Foundling Hospital; they had both been apprenticed to sea, grown up thorough-bred, capital seamen, in the Greenland fishery, rose to be mates, then captains, had been very successful, owned part, then the whole, of a ship, afterwards two or three ships, and had wound up with handsome fortunes. Captain Turnbull was a married man without a family; his wife, fine in person, vulgar in speech, a would-be fashionable lady, against which fashion Captain T. had, for years, pleaded poverty; but his brother, who had remained a bachelor, died, leaving him forty thousand pounds, a fact which could not be concealed. Captain Turnbull had not allowed his wife to be aware of the extent of his own fortune, more from a wish to live quietly and happily, than from any motive of parsimony, for he was liberal to excess; but now he had no further excuse to plead, and Mrs. Turnbull insisted upon *fashion*. The house they had lived in was given up, and a marine villa on the borders of

the Thames, to a certain degree, met the views of both parties; Mrs. Turnbull, anticipating dinners and fêtes, and the captain content to watch what was going on in the river, and amuse himself in a wherry. They had long been acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, and Captain Turnbull's character was such as always to command the respect of Mr. Drummond, as he was an honest, friendly man. Mrs. Turnbull had now set up her carriage, and she was, in her own opinion, a very great personage. She would have cut all her former acquaintance, but on that point the captain was inflexible, particularly as regarded the Drummonds. As far as they were concerned, Mrs. Turnbull gave way, Mrs. Drummond being a lady-like woman, and Mr. Drummond universally respected as a man of talent and information. Captain, or rather, Mr. Turnbull, was a constant visitor at our house, and very partial to me. He used to scold Mr. Drummond for keeping me so close to my desk, and would often persuade him to give me a couple of hours' run. When this was obtained, he would call

a waterman, throw him a crown, and tell him to get out of his wherry as fast as he could. We then embarked, and amused ourselves pulling up and down the river, while Mrs. Turnbull, dressed in the extremity of the fashion, rode out in the carriage and left her cards in every direction.

One day Mr. Turnbull called upon the Drummonds, and asked them to dine with him on the following Saturday ; they accepted the invitation. “By the by,” said he, “I’ve got, what my wife calls a *remind* in my pocket ;” and he pulled out of his coat-pocket a large card, “with Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull’s compliments,” &c. which card had been doubled in two by his sitting down upon it, shortly after he came in. Mr. Turnbull straightened it again as well as he could, and laid it on the table. “And Jacob,” said he, “you’ll come too. You don’t want a remind ; but if you do, my wife will send you one.”

I replied, “That I wanted no remind for a good dinner.”

“No, I dare say not, my boy ; but recol-

lect that you come an hour or two before the dinner-hour, to help me; there's so much fuss with one thing or another, that I'm left in the lurch; and as for trusting the keys of the spirit-room to that long-togged rascal of a butler, I'll see him harpoon'd first; so do you come and help me, Jacob."

This having been promised, he asked Mr. Drummond to lend me for an hour or so, as he wished to take a row up the river. This was also consented to; we embarked and pulled away for Kew Bridge. Mr. Turnbull was as good a hand at a yarn as old Tom, and many were the adventures he narrated to me of what had taken place during the vicissitudes of his life, more especially when he was employed in the Greenland fishery. He related an incident that morning, which particularly bore upon the marvellous, although I do not believe that he was at all guilty of indulging in a traveller's license.

"Jacob," said he, "I recollect once when I was very near eaten alive by foxes, and that in a very singular manner. I was then mate of a Greenland ship. We had been on the fishing

ground for three months, and had twelve fish on board. Finding we were doing well, we fixed our ice-anchors upon a very large iceberg, drifting up and down with it, and taking fish as we fell in with them. One morning we had just cast loose the carcase of a fish which we cut up, when the man in the crow's nest, on the look out for another 'fall,' cried out that a large polar bear and her cub were swimming over to the iceberg, against the side of which, and about half a mile from us, the carcase of a whale was beating. As we had nothing to do, seven of us immediately started in chace; we had intended to have gone after the foxes, which had gathered there also in hundreds, to prey upon the dead whale. It was then quite calm; we soon came up with the bear, who at first was for making off; but as the cub could not get on over the rough ice as well as the old one, she at last turned round to bay. We shot the cub to make sure of her, and it did make sure of the dam not leaving us till either she or we perished in the conflict. I never shall forget her moaning over

the cub, as it lay bleeding on the ice, while we fired bullet after bullet into her. At last she turned round, gave a roar and a gnashing snarl, which you might have heard a mile, and, with her eyes flashing fire, darted upon us. We received her in a body, all close together, with our lances to her breast; but she was so large and so strong, that she beat us all back, and two of us fell; fortunately the others held their ground, and as she was then on end, three bullets were put into her chest, which brought her down. I never saw so large a beast in my life. I don't wish to make her out larger than she really was, but I have seen many a bullock at Smithfield which would not weigh two-thirds of her. Well, after that, we had some trouble in despatching her; and while we were so employed, the wind blew up in gusts from the northward, and the snow fell heavy. The men were for returning to the ship immediately, which certainly was the wisest thing for us all to do; but I thought that the snow storm would blow over in a short time, and not wishing to lose so fine a skin,

resolved to remain and flay the beast ; for I knew that if left there a few hours, as the foxes could not get hold of the carcase of the whale, which had not grounded, they would soon finish the bear and cub, and the skins be worth nothing. Well, the other men went back to the ship, and as it was, the snow storm came on so thick, that they lost their way, and would never have found her, if it was not that the bell was kept tolling for a guide to them. I soon found that I had done a very foolish thing : instead of the storm blowing over, the snow came down thicker and thicker ; and before I had taken a quarter of the skin off, I was becoming cold and numbed, and then I was unable to regain the ship, and with every prospect of being frozen to death before the storm was over. At last, I knew what was my only chance. I had flayed all the belly of the bear, but had not cut her open. I ripped her up, tore out all her inside, and then contrived to get into her body, where I lay, and, having closed up the entrance hole, was warm and comfortable, for the animal heat had not yet

been extinguished. This manœuvre no doubt saved my life ; and I have heard that the French soldiers did the same in their unfortunate Russian campaign, killing their horses, and getting inside to protect themselves from the dreadful weather. Well, Jacob, I had not lain more than half an hour, when I knew by sundry jerks and tugs at my new invented hurricane-house, that the foxes were busy—and so they were, sure enough. There must have been hundreds of them, for they were at work in all directions, and some pushed their sharp noses into the opening where I had crept in ; but I contrived to get out my knife and saw their noses across whenever they touched me, otherwise I should have been eaten up in a very short time. There were so many of them, and they were so ravenous, that they soon got through the bear's thick skin, and were tearing away at the flesh. Now I was not so much afraid of their eating me, as I thought that if I jumped up and discovered myself, they would have all fled. No saying, though ; two or three hundred ravenous devils take courage

when together; but I was afraid that they would devour my covering from the weather, and then I should perish with the cold; and I also was afraid of having pieces nipped out of me, which would of course oblige me to quit my retreat. At last, daylight was made through the upper part of the carcase, and I was only protected by the ribs of the animal, between which every now and then their noses dived and nipped my seal-skin jacket. I was just thinking of shouting to frighten them away, when I heard the report of half a dozen muskets, and some of the bullets struck the carcase, but fortunately did not hit me. I immediately halloed as loud as I could, and the men hearing me, ceased firing. They had fired at the foxes, little thinking that I was inside of the bear. I crawled out, the storm was over, and the men of the ship had come back to look for me. My brother, who was also a mate on board of the vessel, who had not been with the first party, had joined them in the search, but with little hopes of finding me alive. He hugged me in his arms, covered as I was with blood, as soon

as he saw me. He's dead now, poor fellow!—That's the story, Jacob."

"Thank you, sir," replied I; but perceiving that the memory of his brother affected him, I did not speak again for a few minutes. We then resumed our conversation, and pulling back with the tide, landed at the wharf.

On the day of the dinner party, I went up to Mr. Turnbull's at three o'clock, as he had proposed. I found the house in a bustle, Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, with the butler and footman, in the dining-room, debating as to the propriety of *this* and *that* being placed *here* or *there*, both servants giving their opinion, and arguing on a footing of equality, contradicting and insisting. Mr. Turnbull occasionally throwing in a word, and each time snubbed by his wife, although the servants dare not take any liberty with him. "Do, pray, Mr. Turnbull, leave *hus* to settle these matters. Get *hup* your wine, that is your department. Leave the room, Mr. Turnbull, *hif* you please. Mortimer and I know what we are about, without your *hinterference*."

"Oh! by the Lord, I don't wish to inter-

fere; but I wish you and your servants not to be squabbling, that's all. If they gave me half the *cheek*——”

“ Do, pray, Mr. Turnbull, leave the room, and allow me to regulate my own 'ousehold.”

“ Come, Jacob, we'll go down in the cellar,” said Mr. Turnbull; and accordingly we went.

I assisted Mr. Turnbull in his department as much as I could, but he grumbled very much. “ I can't bear all this nonsense, all this finery and foolery. Every thing comes up cold, every thing is out of reach. The table's so long, and so covered with uneatables, that my wife is hardly within hail; and, by jingo, with her the servants are masters. Not with me, at all events; for if they spoke to me as they do to Mrs. Turnbull, I would kick them out of the house. However, Jacob, there's no help for it. All one asks for is quiet, and I must put up with all this sometimes, or I should have no quiet from one year's end to another. When a woman will have her way, there's no stopping her: you know the old verse,

“ A man’s a fool who strives by force or skill,
To stem the torrent of a woman’s will ;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on’t,
And if she won’t, she won’t---and there’s an end on’t.

“ Now let’s go up into my room, and we will chat while I wash my hands.”

As soon as Mr. Turnbull was dressed, we went down into the drawing-room, which was crowded with tables, loaded with every variety of ornamental articles. “ Now this is what my wife calls fashionable. One might as well be steering through an ice floe as try to come to an anchor here without running foul of something. It’s *hard a port* or *hard a starboard* every minute ; and if your coat-tail *jibes*, away goes something, and whatever it is that smashes, Mrs. T. always swears it was the *most valuable* thing in the room. I’m like a bull in a china-shop. One comfort is, that I never come in here except when there’s company. Indeed I’m not allowed, thank God. Sit on a chair, Jacob, one of those spider-like French things ; for my wife won’t allow *blacks*, as she calls them, to come to an anchor upon her sky-blue

silk sofas. How stupid to have furniture that one's not to make use of! Give me comfort, but it appears that's not to be bought for money."

CHAPTER XVI.

High life *above* stairs, a little below the mark—Fashion,
French, *vertù*, and all that.¶

Six o'clock was now near at hand, and Mrs. Turnbull entered the drawing-room in full dress. She certainly was a very handsome woman, and had every appearance of being fashionable; but it was her language which exposed her. She was like the peacock. As long as she was silent you could but admire the plumage, but her voice spoilt all. “Now, Mr. Turnbull,” said she, “I wish to *h*explain to you that there are certain *h*improprieties in

your behaviour which I cannot put *hup* with, particularly that *hof* talking about when you were before the mast."

"Well, my dear, is that any thing to be ashamed of?"

"Yes, Mr. Turnbull, that *his*—one *halways* sinks them ere particulars in fashionable society. To *wirtuperate* in company a'n't pleasant, and *Hive* thought of a plan which may *hact* as an *himpediment* to your vulgarity. Recollect, Mr. T. when*hever* I say that *Hive* an *eadache*, it's to be a sign for you to old your tongue; and Mr. T., *hoblige* me by wearing kid gloves all the evening."

"What, at dinner time, my dear?"

"Yes, at dinner time; your 'ands are not fit to be touched."

"Well, I recollect when you thought otherwise."

"When, Mr. T.; 'ave I not often told you so?"

"Yes, lately; but I referred to the time when one Poll Bacon of Wapping took my hand for better or for worse."

“ Really, Mr. T., you quite shock me. My name was Mary, and the Bacons are a good old *Hinglish* name. You ’ave their *harms* quartered on the carriage in right o’ me. That’s something, I can tell you.”

“ Something I had to pay for pretty smartly, at all events.”

“ The payment, Mr. T., was on account of granting *harms* to you who never *ad* any.”

“ And never wished for them. What do I care for such stuff?”

“ And when you did choose, Mr. Turnbull, you might have consulted me instead of making yourself the laughing-stock of Sir George Naylor and all the ’eralds. Who but a madman would have chosen three harpoons *saluims*, and three barrels *couchants*, with a spouting whale for a crest? Just to point out to every body what should *hever* be buried in *hoblivion*; and then your beastly motto—which I *would have* changed—‘ *Blubber for ever!*’ Blubber indeed! *henough* to make *hany* one *blubber* for ever.”

“ Well, the heralds told me they were just

what I ought to have chosen, and very apposite, as they termed it."

"They took your money and laughed at you. Two pair of griffins, a lion, half a dozen leopards, and a hand with a dagger, wou'dn't 'ave cost a farding more. But what can you hexpect from an *og*?"

"But if I was *cured*, I should be what you were—*Bacon*."

"I won't demean myself, Mr. Turnbull."

"That's right, my dear, don't; there's no curing you. Recollect the motto you chose in preference to mine."

"Well, and a very proper one—'*too much familiarity breeds contempt*'—is it not, Master Faithful?"

"Yes, madam, it was one of our copies at school."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it was my *hown* invention."

Rap tap, rap tap tap, tap tap.

"Mr. and Mrs. Peters, of Petercumb Hall," announced the butler. Enter Mrs. Peters first, a very diminutive lady, and followed by Mr.

Peters, six feet four inches without his shoes, deduct for stooping and curved shoulders seven inches. Mr. Peters had retired from the Stock Exchange with a competence, bought a place, named it Petercumb Hall, and set up his carriage. Another knock, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond were announced. Compliments exchanged, and a pastile lighted by Mrs. Turnbull.

“ Well, Drummond,” said Mr. Turnbull, “ what are coals worth now ? ”

“ Mr. Turnbull, I’ve got such an *’eadache*.”

This was of course a matter of condolence from all present, and a stopper upon Mr. Turnbull’s tongue.

Another sounding rap, and a pause. “ Monsieur and Madame de Tagliabue coming up.” Enter Monsieur and Madame de Tagliabue. The former a dapper little Frenchman, with a neat pair of legs, and a stomach as round as a pea. Madame sailing in like an outward-bound East Indiaman, with studding sails below and aloft ; so large in her dimensions, that her husband might be compared to the pilot-boat plying about her stern.

“ *Charmée de vous voir, Madame Tom-bulle. Vous vous portez bien ; n’est-ce pas.*”

“ *Ve,*” replied Mrs. Turnbull, who thus exhausted her knowledge of the French language ; while the Monsieur tried in vain, first on one side, and then on the other, to get from under the lee of his wife and make his bow. This was not accomplished until the lady had taken possession of a sofa, which she filled most comfortably.

Who these people were, and how they lived, I never could find out ; they came in a fly from Brentford.

Another announcement. “ My Lord Babbleton and Mr. Smith coming up.”

“ Mr. T. pray go down and receive his lordship, (there are two wax candles for you to light on the hall table, and you must walk up with them before his lordship,” said the lady, aside.)

“ I’ll be hanged if I do,” replied Mr. Turnbull ; “ let the servants light him.”

“ O Mr. T., I’ve such an ’eadache !”

“ So you may have,” replied Mr. T., sitting down doggedly.

In the mean time Mr. Smith entered, leading Lord Babbleton, a boy of twelve or thirteen years old, shy, awkward, red haired, and ugly, to whom Mr. Smith was tutor. Mrs. T. had found out Mr. Smith, who was residing near Brentford with his charge, and made his acquaintance on purpose to have a lord on her visiting list, and, to her delight, the leader had not forgotten to bring his bear with him. Mrs. Turnbull sprang to the door to receive them, making a prepared courtsey to the aristocratical cub, and then shaking him respectfully by the hand, “ Won’t your lordship walk to the fire? isn’t your lordship cold? I hope your lordship’s sty is better in your lordship’s eye. Allow me to introduce to your lordship’s notice, Mr. and Mrs. Peters—Madame and Mounsheer Tagleebue—Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton.” As for Mr. Turnbull and myself, we were left out, as unworthy of introduction. “ We are ready for dinner, Mr. Turnbull.”

“ Snobbs, get dinner dressed up,” said Mr. T. to the butler.

“ O Mr. T. I’ve such an ’eadāche.”

This last headache was produced by Mr. T. forgetting himself, and calling the butler by his real name, which was Snobbs, but Mrs. Turnbull had resolved that it should be changed to *Mortimer*—or rather, to *Mr. Mortimer*, as the household were directed to call him, on pain of expulsion.

Dinner was announced. Madame Tagliabue, upon what pretence I know not, was considered the first lady in the room, and Lord Babbleton was requested by Mrs. Turnbull to hand her down. Madame rose, took his lordship’s hand, and led him away. Before they were out of the room, his lordship had disappeared among the ample folds of madame’s gown, and was seen no more until she pulled him out, on their arrival at the dinner-table. At last we were all arranged according to Mrs. Turnbull’s wishes, although there were several chops and changes about, until the order of precedence could be correctly observed. A French cook had been

sent for by Mrs. Turnbull, and not being mistress of the language, she had a card with the names of the dishes to refresh her memory, Mr. Mortimer having informed her that such was always the custom among great people, who, not ordering their own dinners, of course they could not tell what there was to eat.

“ Mrs. Turnbull, what soup have you there ? ”

“ *Consummy* soup, my lord. Will your lordship *make use* of that or of this here, which is *o’juss*.

His lordship stared, made no answer ; looked foolish ; and Mr. Mortimer placed some soup before him.

“ Lord Babbleton takes soup,” said Mr. Smith, pompously ; and the little right honourable supped soup, much to Mrs. Turnbull’s satisfaction.

“ Madame, do you soup ? or do you fish ? ”

“ *Merci*, no soup—*poisson*.”

“ Don’t be afraid, madame ; we’ve a French cook ; you won’t be *poisoned* here,” replied Mrs. Turnbull, rather annoyed.

“Comment, ma chère madame, I mean to say dat I prefer de cod.”

“Mr. T., some fish for madame. John, a *clean* plate for Lord Babbleton. What will your lordship condescend to *make use* of now?” (Mrs. Turnbull thought the phrase, *make use*, excessively refined and elegant.)

“Ah! madame, votre cuisine est superbe,” exclaimed Monsieur Tagliabue, tucking the corner of his napkin into his button-hole, and making preparations for well filling his little rotundity.

“*Ve*,” replied Mrs. Turnbull. “Mrs. Peters, will you try the dish next Mr. Turnbull? What is it?” (looking at her card)—“*Agno roty*. Will you, my lord? If your lordship has not yet got into your French—it means roast quarter of lamb.”

“His lordship is very partial to lamb,” said Mr. Smith, with emphasis.

“Mr. Turnbull, some lamb for Lord Babbleton and for Mr. Peters.”

“Directly, my dear.—Well, Jacob, you see, when I was first mate——”

“Dear! Mr. Turnbull—I’ve such an ’ead-ache. Do pray cut the lamb. (*Aside.*) Mr. Mortimer, do go and whisper to Mr. Turnbull that I beg he will put on his gloves.”

“Mrs. Peters, you’re doing nothing. Mr. Mortimer, ’and round the side dishes, and let John serve out the champagne.”

“Mrs. Peters, there’s a *wolley went o’ weathers*. Will you make use of some? Mrs. Drummond, will you try the dish coming round? it is—let me see—it is *chew farsy*. My Lord Babbleton, I ’ope the lamb’s *to your liking*? Monshere Tagliabue—William, give Monshere a clean plate. What will you take next?”

“Vraiment, madame, tout est excellent, superbe! Je voudrois embrasser votre cuisinier—c’est un artiste comme il n’y a pas?”

“*Ve*,” replied Mrs. Turnbull.

The first course was removed; and the second, after some delay, made its appearance. In the interim, Mr. Mortimer handed round one or two varieties of wine.

“Drummond, will you take a glass with me?” said Mr. Turnbull. “I hate your sour French

wines. Will you take Madeira? I was on shore at Madeira once, for a few hours, when I was before the mast, in the——

“ Mr. Turnbull, I’ve such an ’eadach,” cried his lady, in an angry tone. “ My lord, will you take some of this?—it is—a *ding dong o’ turf*—a turkey, my lord.”

“ His lordship is fond of turkey,” said Mr. Smith, dictatorily.

Monsieur Tagliabue, who sat on the other side of Mrs. T., found that the turkey was in request—it was some time before he could help himself.

“ C’est superbe !” said Monsieur, thrusting a truffle into his mouth. “ Apparemment, madame, n’aime pas la cuisine Angloise?”

“ *Ve*,” replied Mrs. Turnbull. “ Madame, what will you be *hassisted* to?” continued Mrs. T.

“ Tout de bon, madame.”

“ *Ve*; what are those by you, Mr. Peters?” inquired the lady in continuation.

“ I really cannot exactly say ; but they are fritters of some sort.”

“ Let me see—hoh ! bidet du poms. Madam, will you eat some *bidet du poms* ? ”

“ Comment, madame, je ne vous comprends pas——”

“ *Ve.* ”

“ Monsieur Tagliabue, expliquez donc ; ” said the foreign lady, red as a quarter of beef.

“ Permettez, ” said Monsieur, looking at the card. “ Ah c’est impossible, ma chère, ” continued he, laughing. “ Madame Turnbull se trompoit, elle voudroit dire *Beignets de Pommes.* ”

“ Vous trouvez notre langue fort difficile n’est-ce pas ; ” continued madame, who recovered her good-humour, and smiled graciously at Mrs. T.

“ *Ve,* ” replied Mrs. Turnbull, who perceived that she had made some mistake, and was anxiously awaiting the issue of the dialogue. It had, however, the effect of checking Mrs. T., who said little more during the dinner and dessert.

At last the ladies rose from the dessert, and left the gentlemen at the table ; but we were

not permitted to remain long, before coffee was announced, and we went up stairs. A variety of French liqueurs were handed about, and praised by most of the company. Mr. Turnbull, however, ordered a glass of brandy, as a *settler*.

“ Oh! Mr. Turnbull, I’ve such an ’eadache!”

After that the party became very dull. Lord Babbleton fell asleep on the sofa. Mr. Peters walked round the room, admiring the pictures, and asking the names of the masters.

“ I really quite forget ; but, Mr. Drummond, you are a judge of paintings, I hear. Who do you think this is painted by ?” said the lady, pointing to a very inferior performance. “ I am not quite sure ; but I think it is Van—Van *daub*.”

“ I should think so too,” replied Mr. Drummond, drily ; “ we have a great many pictures in England by the same hand.”

The French gentleman proposed *écarté*, but no one knew how to play it except his wife ; who sat down with him to pass away the time. The ladies sauntered about the room, looking

at the contents of the tables. Mrs. Peters occasionally talking of Petercumb Hall; Mr. Smith played at patience in a corner; while Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Drummond sat in a corner in close conversation; and the lady of the house divided her attentions, running from one to the other, and requesting them not to talk so loud as to awake the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton. At last the vehicles were announced, and the fashionable party broke up, much to the satisfaction of every body, and to none more than myself.

I ought to observe, that all the peculiar absurdities I have narrated, did not strike me so much at the time; but it was an event to me to dine out, and the scene was well impressed upon my memory. After what occurred to me in my after life, and when I became better able to judge of fashionable pretensions, the whole was vividly brought back to my recollection.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Tomkinses' fête champêtre and fête dansante—
—Lights among the gooseberry-bushes—All went
off well, excepting the lights, they went out—A
winding up that had nearly proved a catastrophe—
Old Tom proves that danger makes friends, by a
yarn, young Tom, by a fact.

I REMAINED with Mr. Drummond about eight
months, when at last the new clerk made his
appearance—a little fat fellow, about twenty,
with a face as round as a full moon, thick lips,
and red cheeks. During this time I frequently
had the pleasure of meeting with old and young
Tom, who appeared very anxious that I should
rejoin them; and I must say that I was equally
willing to return to the lighter. Still Mr.
Drummond put his veto on it, and Mrs. Drum-

mond was also constantly pointing out the very desirable situation I might have on shore as a clerk in the office ; but I could not bear it—seated nearly the whole day—perched up on a high stool—turning over Dr., contra Cr., and only occasionally interrupted by the head clerk, with his attempts to make rhymes. When the new clerk came, I expected my release, but I was disappointed. Mr. Drummond discovered him to be so awkward, and the head clerk declared that the time was so busy, that he could not spare me. This was true ; Mr. Drummond had just come to a final arrangement, which had been some time pending, by which he purchased a wharf and large warehouses, with a house adjoining, in Lower Thames Street—a very large concern, for which he had paid a considerable sum of money. What with the valuations, winding up of the Brentford concern on the old account, &c., there was much to do, and I toiled at the desk until the removal took place ; and when the family were removed, I was still detained, as there was no warehouseman to superintend the unloading and hoisting up of goods.

Mr. Tomkins, the head clerk, who had been many years a faithful servant to Mr. Drummond, was admitted as a partner, and had charge of the Brentford wharf, a species of promotion which he and his wife resolved to celebrate with a party. After a long debate, it was resolved that they should give a ball, and Mrs. Tomkins exerted all her taste and ingenuity on the occasion. My friend Tomkins lived at a short distance from the premises, in a small house, surrounded with half an acre of garden, chiefly filled with gooseberry bushes, and perambulated by means of four straight gravel walks. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond were invited, and accepted the invitation, which was considered by the Tomkinses as a great mark of condescension. As a specimen of Mr. Tomkins's poetical talents, I shall give his invitation to Mr. Drummond, written in the very best German text.

“ Mr. and Mrs. T——
Sincerely hope to see
Mr. and Mrs. Drum-
mond, to a very hum-

Ble party that they in-
Tend to ask their kin
To, on the Saturday
Of the week ensuing ;
When fiddles they will play,
And other things be doing."

Belle Vue House.

To which *jeu d'esprit* Mr. Drummond answered
with a pencil on a card—

" Mr. and Mrs. Drum-
mond intend to come."

" Here, give Tomkins that, Jacob ; it will
please him better than any formal acceptance."
Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull were also asked : the
former accepted, but the latter indignantly re-
fused.

When I arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Drum-
mond, many of the company were there ; the
garden was what they called illuminated, that
is, every gooseberry bush had one variegated
lamp suspended about the centre ; and, as Mr.
Tomkins told me afterwards, the lamps were
red and yellow, according to the fruit they
bore. It was a cold, frosty, clear night, and

the lamps twinkled as brightly among the bare boughs of the gooseberry trees as the stars did in the heavens. The company in general were quite charmed at the novelty. "Quite a *minor Wauxhall*," cried one lady, whose exuberance of fat kept her warm enough to allow her to stare about in the open air. The entrance porch had a dozen little lamps, backed with laurel twigs, and looked very imposing. Mrs. Tomkins received her company upon the steps outside, that she might have the pleasure of hearing their praises of her external arrangements; still it was freezing, and she shivered not a little. The drawing-room, fourteen feet by ten, was fitted up as the ball-room, with two fiddlers and a fifer sitting in a corner, and a country-dance was performing when we arrived. Over the mantelpiece was a square of laurel twigs, enclosing as a frame, this couplet, from the poetical brain of the master of the house, cut out in red paper, and bespangled with blue and yellow tinsel—

" Here we are to dance so gay,
While the fiddlers play away."

Other appropriate distiches, which I have now forgotten, were framed in the same way on each of the other compartments. But the dining-room was the *chef d'œuvre*. It was formed into a bower, with evergreens, and on the evergreen boughs were stuck real apples and oranges in all directions, so that you could help yourself.

“Vell, I do declare, this is a paradise!” exclaimed the fat lady who entered with me.

“In all but one thing, ma’am,” replied Mr. Turnbull, who, with his coat off, was squeezing lemons for the punch—“there’s no *forbidden* fruit. You may help yourself.”

This bon-mot was repeated by Mr. Tomkins to the end of his existence, not only for its own sake, but because it gave him an opportunity of entering into a detail of the whole *fête*—the first he had ever given in his life. “Ah, Jacob, my boy, glad to see you—come and help here—they’ll soon be thirsty, I’ll warrant,” said Mr. Turnbull, who was in his glory. The company, although not so very select, were very happy; they danced, drank punch, laughed, and danced again; and it was not till a late hour, long after

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond had gone home, that I quitted the "festive scene," Mr. Turnbull, who walked away with me, declaring that it was worth a dozen of his party, although they had not such grand people as Mrs. Tagliabue, or the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton. I thought so too ; every one was happy, and every one at their ease ; and I do believe they would have stayed much longer, but the musicians took so much punch, that one fiddler broke his fiddle, the other broke his head in going down the steps into the garden, and the fifer swore he could blow no longer ; so as there was an end to the music, clogs, pattens, and lanthorns were called for, the shawls were brought out of the kitchen, and every one went away. Nothing could *go off better*. Mrs. Tomkins had a cold and rheumatism the next day, but that was not surprising, a *minor Wauxhall* not being seasonable in the month of December.

A week after this party, we removed to Thames Street, and I performed the duty of warehouseman. Our quantity of lighters were now much increased, and employed in carrying

dry goods, &c. One morning old Tom came under the crane to discharge his lighter, and wishing to see me, when the fall had been overhauled down, to heave up the casks with which the lighter was laden, instead of hooking on a cask, held on by his hands, crying "Hoist away," intending to be hoisted himself up to the floor of the warehouse where I was presiding. Now there was nothing unusual in this whim of old Tom's, but still he ran a very narrow chance, in consequence of an extra whim of young Tom's, who, as soon as his father was suspended in the air, caught hold of his two wooden stumps, to be hoisted up also; and as he caught hold of them, standing on tiptoe, they both swung clear of the lighter, which could not approach to within five feet of the buildings. The crane was on the third story of the warehouse, and very high up. "Tom, Tom, you rascal, what the devil are you about?" cried the old man, when he felt the weight of his son's body hanging to him.

"Going up along with you, father—hope we shall go to heaven the same way."

"More likely to go to the devil together, you

little fool; I never can bear your weight. Hoist away there, quick."

Hearing the voices, I looked out of the door, and perceiving their situation, ordered the men to hoist as fast as they could, before old Tom's strength should be exhausted; but it was a compound movement crane, and we could not hoist very fast, although we could hoist very great weights. At last, as they were wound up higher and higher, old Tom's strength was going fast. "O Tom, Tom, what must be done? I can't—I can't hold on but a little longer, and we shall be both dashed to pieces. My poor boy!"

"Well, then, I'll let go, father; it was all my folly, and I'll be the sufferer."

"Let go!" cried old Tom; "no, no, Tom—don't let go, my boy, I'll try a little longer. Don't let go, my dear boy—don't let go!"

"Well, father, how much longer can you hold on?"

"A little—very little longer," replied the old man, struggling.

"Well, hold fast now," cried young Tom, who, raising his head above his arms, with a

great exertion shifted one of his hands to his father's thigh, then the other ; raising himself as before, he then caught at the seat of his father's trowsers with his teeth ; old Tom groaned, for his son had taken hold of more than the garments ; he then shifted his hands to round his father's body—from thence he gained the collar of his jacket—from the collar he climbed on his father's shoulders, from thence he seized hold of the fall above, and relieved his father of his weight. “Now, father, are you all right,” cried Tom, panting as he clung to the fall above him.

“I can't hold on ten seconds more, Tom—no longer—my clutch is going now.”

“Hang on by your eyelids, father, if you love me,” cried young Tom, in agony.

It was indeed an awful moment ; they were now at least sixty feet above the lighter, suspended in the air ; the men whirled round the wheel, and I had at last the pleasure of hauling them both in on the floor of the warehouse, the old man so exhausted that he could not speak for more than a minute ; young Tom, as soon as all was safe, laughed immoderately. Old

Tom sat upright. "It might have been no laughing matter, Mr. Tom," said he, looking at his son.

"What's done can't be helped, father, as Jacob says. After all, you're more frightened than hurt."

"I don't know that, you young scamp," replied the old man, putting his hand behind him, and rubbing softly; you've bit a piece clean out of my *starn*. Now let this be a warning to you, Tom. Jacob, my boy, couldn't you say that I've met with an *accident*, and get a drop of something from Mr. Drummond?"

I thought, after his last observation, I might honestly say that he had met with an accident, and I soon returned with a glass of brandy, which old Tom was drinking off, when his son interrupted him for a share.

"You know, father, I shared the danger."

"Yes, Tom, I know you did," replied the father; "but this was sent to me on account of my *accident*, and as I had that all to myself, I shall have all this too."

"But, father, you ought to give me a drop, if it were only to *take the taste out of my mouth*."

“Your own flesh and blood, Tom,” replied his father, emptying his glass.

“Well, I always heard it was quite unnatural not to like your own flesh and blood,” replied Tom; “but I see now that there may be reasons for it.”

“Be content, Tom,” replied his father, putting down the glass; “we’re now just square. You’ve had your *raw nip*, and I’ve had mine.”

Mr. Drummond now came up, and asked what had been the matter. “Nothing, sir—only an accident. Tom and I had a bit of a *hoist*.”

As this last word had a double meaning, Mr. Drummond thought that a cask had surged, when coming out of the lighter, and struck them down. He desired old Tom to be more careful, and walked away, while we proceeded to unload the lighter. The new clerk was a very heavy, simple young man, plodding and attentive certainly, but he had no other merit; he was sent into the lighter to take the marks and numbers of the casks as they were hoisted

up, and soon became a butt to young Tom, who gave him the wrong marks and numbers of all the casks, to his interrogations.

“What’s that, boy?” cried the pudding-faced fellow, with his pencil in one hand, and his book in the other.

“Pea soup, 13,” replied Tom; “ladies’ bonnets, 24. Now, then, master, chalk again, pipe-clay for sodgers, 3; red herrings, 26.” All of which were carefully noted down by Mr. Gubbins, who, when the lighter was cleared, took the memoranda to Mr. Drummond.

Fortunately we had checked the number of the casks as they were received above—their contents were flour. Mr. Drummond sent for young Tom, and asked him how he dared play such a trick. Tom replied very boldly, “That it was meant as a good lesson to the young man, that in future he did his own work, and did not trust to others.” To this Mr. Drummond agreed, and master Tom was dismissed without punishment.

As the men had all gone to dinner, I went down into the lighter to have a little chat with

my old shipmates. "Well, Jacob," said old Tom, "Tom's not a bit wiser than he was before—two scrapes to-day, already."

"Well, father, if I prove my folly by getting into scrapes, I prove my wit by getting out of them."

"Yes, that may be true, Tom; but suppose we had both come down with a run, what would you have thought then?"

"I suspect, father, that I should have been past all thinking."

"I once did see a thing of that kind happen," said old Tom, calling to mind former scenes in his life; "and I'll tell you a yarn about it, boys, because they say danger makes friends." Tom and I sat down by old Tom, who narrated as follows.

"When I was captain o' the main-top in the *Le Minerve*, forty-four gun frigate, we were the smartest ship up the Mediterranean; and many's the exercise we were the means of giving to other ship's companies, because they could not beat us—no, not even hold a candle to us. In both fore and main-top we had eight-and-

twenty as smart chaps as ever put their foot to a rattling, or slid down by an a'ter backstay. Now the two captains of the fore-top were both prime young men, active as monkeys, and bold as lions. One was named Tom Herbert, from North Shields, a dark, good-looking chap, with teeth as white as a nigger's, and a merry chap he was, always a showing them. The other was a Cockney chap. Your Lunnuners ar'n't often good seamen, but when they are seamen there's no better ; they never allow any one to show them the way, that's for sartain, being naturally spunky sort of chaps, and full of tricks and fun. This fellow's name was Bill Wiggins, and between him and Herbert there was always a jealousy, who should be the smartest man. I've seen both of them run out on the yard, in fine weather, without holding on nothing, seize the lift and down to their station, haul up the earing, in no time ; up by the lift again, and down on deck, by the backstay, before half the men had time to get clear of the top. In fact, they often risked their lives in bad weather, when there was no occasion for it,

that one might outdo the other. Now this was all very well, and a good example to the other men; the captain and officers appeared to like these contests for superiority, but it ended in their hating each other, and not being even on speaking terms, which, as the two captains of the top, was bad. They had quarrelled often and fought five times, neither proving the better man; either both done up, or parted by the master-at-arms, and reported to the first lieutenant, so that at last they were not so much countenanced by the officers, and were out of favour with the captain, who threatened to disrate them both if ever they fought again.

“We were cruising off the Gulf of Lyons, where sometimes it blows hard enough to blow the devil’s horns off, though the gales never last very long. We were under close-reefed fore and maintop sail, storm staysail and try-sail, when there was a fresh hand at the bellows, and the captain desired the officer of the watch, just before dinner, to take in the fore-top sail. Not to disturb the watch below, the main-top men were ordered up forward, to help the fore-top men of the watch; and I was of course

aloft, ready to lie out on the lee yard-arm—when Wiggins, who had the watch below, came up in the top, not liking that Herbert should be at work in such weather, without he being there too.

“ ‘Tom,’ says Wiggins to me, ‘I’ll take the yardarm.’ ”

“ ‘Very well,’ says I, ‘with all my heart, then I’ll look to the bunt.’ ”

“ Just at that time there came on a squall with rain, which almost blinded us; the sail was taken in very neatly, clew-lines chock-a-block, bunt-lines and leech-lines well up, reef tackles overhauled, rolling tackles taut, and all as it should be. The men lied out on the yard, the squall wore worse and worse, but they were handing in the leech of the sail, when snap went one blunt-line, then the other, the sail flapped and flagged, till away went the leech lines, and the men clung to the yards for their lives; for the sail mastered them, and they could do nothing. At last it split like thunder, buffeting the men on the yardarms, till they were almost senseless, until to windward it wore away into long coach-whips, and the whole of the canvas

left was at the lee yardarm. The men laid in at last with great difficulty, quite worn out by fatigue and clinging for their existence; all but Wiggins, who was barred by the sail to leeward from making his footing good on the horse; and there he was, poor fellow, completely in irons, and so beaten by the canvas that he could hardly be said to be sensible. It takes a long while to tell all this, but it wasn't the work of a minute. At last he made an attempt to get up by the lift, but was struck down, and would have been hurled overboard, if it hadn't been that his leg fell over the horse, and there he was head downwards, hanging over a raging sea, ready to swallow him up as soon as he dropt into it. As every one expected he would be beat off before any assistance could be given, you may guess that it was an awful moment to those below who were looking up at him, watching for his fall and the roll of the ship, to see if he fell clear into the sea or was dashed to pieces in the fore-chains.

“ I couldn't bear to see a fellow-creature, and good seaman in the bargain, in that state, (and although the captain dared not *order* any

one to help him, yet there were one or two midshipmen hastening up the fore-rigging, with the intent, I have no doubt, of trying to save him, for midshipmen don't value their lives at a quid of tobacco,) so I seizes the studding-sail halyards, and runs up the topmost rigging, intending to go down by the lift, and pass a bowling knot round him before he fell, when who should I meet at the cross-trees but Tom Herbert, who snatched the rope out of my hand, bawling to me through the gale, ' This is my business, Tom.'

" Down he goes by the lift, the remainder of the canvas flapped over him, and I seed no more until I heard a cry from all below, and away went Herbert and Wiggins, both together, flying to leeward just as the ship was taking her recovery to windward. Fortunately they both fell clear of the ship about two feet, not more, and as their fall was expected, they had prepared below. A master's mate, of the name of Simmonds, and the captain of the forecastle, both went overboard in bowling knots, with another in their hands, and in a minute or two they were all four on board again; but Herbert

and Wiggins were both senseless, and a long while coming to again. Well, now, what do you think was the upshot of it? why, they were the best friends in the world ever afterwards, and would have died for one another; and if one had a glass of grog from the officers for any little job, instead of touching his forelock and drinking it off to the officer's health, he always took it out of the gun-room, that he might give half of it to the other. So, d'ye see, my boys, as I said before I began my yarn, that danger makes friends.

“ 'Tis said we ventrous die-hard,
When we leave the shore,
Our friends may mourn, lest we return
To bless their sight no more.
But this is all a notion,
Bold Jack can't understand,
Some die upon the ocean,
And some upon dry land.”

“ And if we had tumbled, father, we should have just died betwixt and between, not water enough to float us. It would have been *woolez wous parlez wous*, plump in the mud, as you say sometimes.”

“ Why yes, Tom. I've a notion that I

should have been planted too deep, ever to have struck root," replied the old man, looking at his wooden stumps.

"Why yes, father, *legs* are *legs*, when you tumble into six foot of mud. How you would have *dibbled* down, if your *daddles* hadn't held on."

"Well, then, Tom, recollect that you never *sell* your father for a *lark* again."

Tom laughed, and catching at the word, although used in a different sense, sung,

"Just like the *lark*, high poised in air.

"And so were you, father, only that you didn't sing as he does, and you didn't leave your young one below in the nest."

"Aye, it is the young uns which prevent the old ones from rising in the world—that's very true, Tom. Holla, who have we got here? My service to you, at all events."

END OF VOL. I.

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